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MY MOTHER.

BY W. S. KEYS.

Yes, my mother's growing old,
With toil and care;
The silver threads among the gold,
Are here and there.

Twilight's deep'ning, starry skies
Do now appear;
She looks above with longing eyes,
For Heaven is near.

The storms of life will soon be o'er,
And peace be found;
She'll stand upon the other shore,
With glory crowned.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

"ANY way, she wouldn't be such a fool as to try it," put in Brunhilda roughly.

"She's only a woman," observed Hollebone; "and, if she tries to turn us out to put some toady of her own in, we needn't go."

"I am afraid you may find," said Miss Hopkins gently, "that Miss Glenorris is a very determined person."

"A woman determined! Oh, I like that!" sneered Hollebone, with an annihilating glance that swept over the four women present.

"Yes," said the youngest of these women with a slow smile, "even a woman determined!"

"I hope sincerely that Miss Glenorris will be so!" exclaimed the agent, looking intently at the girl who stood, soft and fair and slender, by the hard and brown-skinned women. Then, with a bow to her which startled her for a moment, though she did not understand why, he followed her out into the quadrangle of rank neglected grass. "You must pardon me, Miss Hopkins," he said, "for picking up your name without an introduction, and for entreating you to return to Chagford in the wagonette I brought. My driver is an experienced fellow, and the horses are fresh. It is impossible that your pony can take you back to-day."

"Is it?" she inquired, with no vestige of uneasiness in look or tone. "How unfortunate! Would you ask Mr. Chick for a horse?"

"I would rather ask for both his daughters," returned Mr. Johnson drily. "No; pray come with us. My driver and I both know your pony, and Croft, the man who owns it, will send for it to-morrow; we will arrange with him about that. By-the-way, if you want rooms in Chagford, let me recommend Croft's, just opposite the churchyard. And, if you stay there, they will know it is all right about the pony, and you will be able to drive him again. It was quite the worst way that he brought you this morning. I came for pure curiosity this once, but I would not return by it for any consideration, and you do not know the direct way; so it would be really wise—as well as kind to me—if you and your—maid took the vacant seats in the wagonette."

"Thank you," said Miss Hopkins, calmly weighing all he said. "Certainly it would be a relief not to have to walk up all the hills, as well as pleasant to see a fresh way. Thank you. If it will be no trouble at all to you, we will go."

"What a curious family!" she said, looking back from the wagonette, while old Chick cautiously locked the iron gates behind them.

"Curious! That is but a very mild term for them," ejaculated Mr. Johnson heartily. "A grasping, grinding, selfish, villainous family would be a more accurate description."

"So bad as that?"

"Worse than that," he amended warmly, not to say hotly; "and I hope Miss Glenorris will dismiss them summarily!"

"Shall you advise her to do so?"

"I shall indeed, if she ever honors me by asking my advice."

"Isn't Mr. Chick very old?" she queried as if dissecting a thought that worried her.

"Well!"—laughing—"he looks rather like it—is beginning to shrivel a little, isn't he? Old enough to be a better man, let us say. To make avarice and utter scoundrelism more intolerable than it is in other circumstances, give it me at eighty years of age."

"But if a man is poor," began Miss Hopkins leniently, but the agent's laugh was as ironical as it was prompt.

"Poor! There would be a glimmer of hope for all of them if they were poor, but they not only have plenty already, but they spend all their days in saving and managing and working and wearying for more."

"When, then," asked his listener wonderingly, "will the time for its enjoyment come?"

"When indeed, Miss Hopkins? I never could awaken Mr. Glenorris to the fact that they were not poor. It seemed as if he could not understand such a phase of human nature, or would not, because Mrs. Chick was in some distant way related to his wife, and he wished to be kind to her. When his son went abroad, he didn't care who held the farm; and when the son died he cared for nothing."

"How sad that was!" said Miss Hopkins gently.

"He lived only two weeks after hearing of it, and through those two weeks it was pitiful to see the brave old fellow struggling to hide his broken heart. I remember—— But I have no right to spoil your drive with this depressing talk. It is bad enough for you to have had a douche of Ravenstor. Fortunately you were not forced to undergo much of Nassah."

"Nassah?"

"Yes, that's the name the old man is known by, though he may have been baptized Manasseh. Does not the name suggest to you an infusion of the long-eared animal into the man? Of course he may have been a different fellow—even perhaps a pleasant one—in his sailor days, sixty years ago; but it is hard to imagine it too, so cleverly has he obliterated every trace of it. His wife was just as hard and mean and miserly; and the qualities seem to be transmitted without a flaw, do they not? I have never forgotten my first impression of Chick, when he came to the Severals—that is my house at Merlswood—for 'the key of Ravenstor to haul in his pitchers,' which meant that he had brought all his household gods to Ravenstor in a cart, and could not get them in. Mr. Glenorris had furnished the house; but those people occupy only the kitchen premises and the rooms over them, once the servants' rooms; and they use only the wretched back stairs—I don't suppose they ever dream of mounting the hall staircase. Yes, you may well believe them poor, Miss Hopkins; yet every year their profits increase and they spend less—indeed I see no way that they ever spend at all. They are cautious in their investments too, so Miss Glenorris need have no scruples over turning them adrift."

"I see!" remarked Miss Hopkins calmly, in his pause.

"One of their favorite investments amuses me greatly. Beyond a certain sum every year, whatever they make they invest in plate. You would not think it, would you, from the look of their establishment? But I assure you it is true. They have some most valuable and ponderous pieces of silver."

"Is it possible?" asked the girl incredulously. "When can they use it?"

"I never heard of any time, except at Mrs. Chick's funeral, and then the silver tea-tray was so heavy they had to fetch a man to help young Chick to carry it; but it seems the silver is all hidden now, for it had a narrow escape some months ago—my driver was telling me the story as we drove here this morning. Some men got into the house one evening, when there was a dense fog—through which, I suppose, they thought they could make their escape unseen—and seized the plate. The women—locked into one of the rooms—threw open the window and shrieked, and some stranger came to their assistance. There was a desperate tussle, I hear; but the men were captured and the plate saved. The robbery was in reality only one man's act, the other three strong young fellows being paid to help him; and he swore it was only because old Chick would not pay money justly owing to him that he had determined to have its equivalent as he could not get the cash. I positively thought it a pity that that strange gentleman's help was efficient enough for the thieves to be mastered before he heard this version of the affair."

"That must have been a dreadful alarm for them."

"Yes; for the father is old enough to be easily knocked down, and you cannot look at the son and believe him possessed of courage, either moral or physical, can you? Still the grasping and holding of their property was a powerful spur to them."

"You never take anything there, I heard," began Miss Hopkins meditatively.

"Never. Shall I tell you of the first and last time I did? The old man took me into the cellar, and asked me, rather to my surprise, to taste his cider. Thinking he was giving me of his best, and not caring to vex him over refusing such a trifle, I took the horn-cup into which he had drawn it—he knew better than to show it in a glass—and tried to take a draught. It was hopelessly impossible, and I threw it away, wishing I could throw with it the rusty sour taste it had left behind; but Nassah broke into a broad grin when he saw my grimace. 'You don't like it!' he cried, and smacked his lips as he tapped his bony old fingers upon a little cask near him. 'You'd like this better; this is for my own drinking—only my own!' I'm afraid I have wearied you, Miss Hopkins, with that miserly household."

"I like to hear it," said the girl, certainly with no weariness in her tone. "This is a better road than the one we took this morning. Will you point out to me the gate where we turn aside for Wistman's Wood? I want some day to see that eerie and most ancient place."

"Then you are not"—with a shrewd intelligent glance—"bidding farewell to the moor? You are likely to see even Ravenstor again?"

"I hope so. How heavily the clouds hang over those hills!"

"Yes; the rain is coming now. I have been expecting it, for I never was on the moor for a single day yet without rain. Please wrap the rug about you, and with your waterproof you will be all right. I remember last time I was on the moor, early in this year. I was waiting for the Plymouth train, and noticed a gentleman waiting too, who though he had a companion, seemed most unusually and utterly silent. His hair and his dress were like any other gentleman's; but to my regret, I caught sight of the steel handcuffs on his wrists, and then I knew that he was leaving the convict-prison, and that his companion was a warder. Virtually he was free; but he had to travel up and obtain his discharge at Queen's Bench next morning. One night a few months later I saw him sitting in a box at the Lyceum, with certainly the two most aristocratic-looking ladies—one old and one young—in all the house. Here comes the rain! Now I'm afraid I can't even show you the Post bridge—Druidical, 'tis said, but I have my doubts—nor the 'war-out' old mines—specimens of ruins picturesque and ruins desolate."

For miles after this the driving rain enfolded them as if they journeyed in a cloud; but, nothing daunted, Mr. Johnson talked away, until he suddenly pulled himself up and apologized.

"I'm a garrulous old donkey," he said, "prosing on to you, just as if you had an interest in the place."

"I have," she said; and, to her great surprise, Miss Glenorris's agent turned and bowed to her as she sat beside him, the raindrops glistening on her cheeks, her head enveloped in a waterproof hood, more useful than pretty save for the peep of soft red lining. "I really like to hear of the Chagford of a hundred years ago, only I haven't the faintest notion what a Stannaries Court can be."

He laughed and explained at large—very much at large—until he broke off again, conscious of his own loquacity; and now she laughed in her turn.

"It sounds so ungrammatical" she said, "to talk of a stamps; and I'm lost in wonder what a seal-hat may mean. A discontinued mine? Oh, I see! There are plenty about here then; aren't there? And is a mine like a house that you speak of its floors?"

So, in her prompt way, she encouraged him to talk and learned all she could; while gradually the rain ceased, the western heights came slowly into view again, cutting the line of amber sky, and before them, like a mirage, rose the old town in its nest upon the hill.

"I hope you will go to the rooms we spoke of," Mr. Johnson said almost anxiously to his companion, as the horses trotted valiantly up the narrowest lane of their experience, "especially if you intend to stay long."

"If you recommend them," she answered placidly ignoring the conclusion of his speech, "we shall. What a curious old inn the 'Rose and Crown' is! I can fancy it has a history."

"But do not try it to-day; try Croft's rooms. I am sorry to say I have to go on to-night. You know perhaps—being a friend of Miss Glenorris's—that she is to arrive at Merlewood to-morrow."

"And there are to be festive preparations for her coming?" queried Miss Hopkins.

"I would have liked it; but I cannot do much without authorization, and Miss Glenorris sends me none. The ladies now at Merlswood are set against any fuss, as they are pleased to call it. I would give much"—earnestly—"to have Miss Glenorris's commands to make the day one of real rejoicing, for we shall really rejoice to have her among us, let Mrs. Fears-Kinnon say what she will."

"Does she come from London to-morrow?"

"Yes—by the train that reaches Torquay at 3:33."

"And you will meet her there?"

"I hope so, and probably most of her tenants. I shall be delighted when she has come. The property has been hers for three months now, and, though she has answered my letters in the kindest manner, sparing no trouble, she has gone into none of the real business of the estate."

"Perhaps she does not feel capable of it," observed Miss Hopkins, in a musing way.

"I could not possibly believe that," rejoined the agent seriously, "even if I had nothing to judge by but her letters, short and—well, and girlish as they are."

"And have you no more to judge by?" the girl asked, interrupting him very quietly.

"Hey?"

The man so suddenly addressed as he drove his gig towards them was indeed taken aback, not being able to guess any intent or motive for Mr. Johnson's suddenly turning his back upon his companion, rising from his place, and leaning over the front seat of the wagonette, to bellow at him in a voice which was calculated to strike terror into any harmless driver's breast.

"Back your horse out of this lane! Don't you see that we can't pass?" he called authoritatively. "Now then"—as the man hesitated—"you ought to know your magistrates by sight! If you don't do it, and quickly too," he roared with ominous distinctness, as the man began a sulky expostulation, "I shall have to do what I don't want to be obliged to do for I am a soft-hearted fellow, and the law is hard. Now I give you fair warning."

The man, though he muttered rebelliously, backed to the first widening of the lane, and stood while the wagonette passed him, sullenly indifferent to Mr. Johnson's pacific little nod.

"What was it you would have been obliged so unwillingly to do?" inquired Miss Hopkins anxiously, as he sat down with a sigh of content.

"To have backed our own horses," he rejoined, laughing.

"Croft's house!" he directed to the driver, as they turned down into the main street of Chagford; and a few minutes afterwards he assisted Miss Hopkins and Rachel to dismount.

He waited courteously until assured there were rooms to be had for them, promised to arrange with his man about fetching Sam, then raised his hat without offering his hand and was driven away towards Moreton Hampstead, setting his face to a preternatural solemnity when he found how strong was his inclination to laugh.

"I'm ravenously hungry, Rachel," said her young mistress, taking off the waterproof hood, as she stood looking straight out upon the churchyard; "but I'm very glad we went, even though we got nothing substantial to eat."

"Do you think Miss Glenorris will like her agent, madam?" inquired Rachel demurely.

"Yes. It says on that plate at the house, Rachel, that a doctor comes here twice a week. Is it possible that he can have any patients in this healthy spot? If not how dull it must be for him! I hope the tea won't be long."

After the meal was over—a meal most thoroughly appreciated, with its tender mountain-mutton, its junket, its rich Devonshire cream and rich preserve—and while Rachel enjoyed a gossip with the landlady, Miss Hopkins sat at the window alone, in a long, long silence. The moon that had shone on the previous night was clouded now; but still at intervals its light fell tenderly upon her, and rested for a minute on the quiet churchyard opposite.

"It seems like a dream," she said, in her thoughts, "that last night I was at Meriswood. How still more like a dream all this will seem—to-morrow!"

"Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead."

"Again!" she cried, rising impatiently and pushing back her chair. "It is as if I had no sense at all. How can I stop it? If there weren't about a hundred quavers on the last word, I would try to sing the tenor part just once properly through, for that is the only way I know to prevent an air running so stupidly in one's head. Why don't they bring me lights? I—I'm an inconsistent grumbler," she went on, when she had pulled the very feeble bell, "for I myself told Rachel I would have no lamp yet."

"I think, Rachel," she said, when the maid came in with the lights, "that I have grown stupid staring at the moonlight on that scarlet Elf with the black Berlin eyes; my own feel just about as brilliant. So read to me, will you?"

"You ought to go to bed, madam, considering what to-morrow is to be."

"Read a chapter then and we will go."

"Which, madam?"

"Any one."

"Rachel"—during the maid's pause to find a place—"read that chapter where it says, 'He was very sorrowful, for he was very rich.' I want to remember exactly how it comes."

* * * * *

"It would have been a real consolation to me in this parting hour if I had driven Samuel," observed Miss Hopkins, taking her seat next morning in the nondescript vehicle which was to convey her and maid to the station at Moreton Hampstead. "Certainly we should have to start at dawn: but think of the rapture of walking up all the hills with Sam! Rachel——"

The girl broke off to smile and nod at Croft's wife and daughter, who stood sociably at the door to see them off, and then smiled and nodded to other promiscuous women who stood in their doorways gazing.

"You were going to say, madam?"

"Was I?"—absently. "I sat in several of those old porches yesterday morning and talked to the women. I shall always remember those curious ugly old porches where I felt so thoroughly at home."

"The women must have been surprised, madam."

"Must they? I never thought of that. I wonder when I shall see this steep old town again, and how—no, I don't quite know in what form the question is worrying me, so it shall not worry me at all."

A train was standing in the little station when they entered; and Rachel hurried the man forward with their bags, as if any train must needs start off at express speed at the approach of two expectant female travelers. But Miss Hopkins did not seem in any haste. She paused first to gaze up at a great circus-bill representing a very impossible red woman flying through the blue air to alight upon a horse apparently three miles distant; then she turned and addressed an official who stood contemplating the engine.

"Will this train go to Eastmouth?"

"That's beyond me to say, Miss," he answered, removing his reflective gaze from the engine to her face; "but we mean to do our best to get her there."

The girl colored vividly in a sudden fear that her appearance did not inspire reverence, and yet she was terribly tempted to smile.

"Thank you," she said. "Then our wisest plan will be to go by it and see."

With a lurking smile on his broad calm face, the man opened a car door, an attention born of true fellow-feeling for a young woman who was as unhurried as himself.

At Eastmouth a cab was waiting, and Rachel and her mistress were soon back again at the inn which they had left the day before. Miss Hopkins declined to go in to a formal lunch, and had a tray sent to her bed-room, where, sitting at the fire in her dressing-gown, she watched Rachel busy among well-packed bags and imperials. The "pic-nic lunch," as she called it, was taken in a very leisurely manner, then she was dressed for the farther journey, without even a second glance into the mirror.

"I fear," she said, tying on again the quiet little bonnet in which she had arrived while Rachel hid the beautiful brown plush dress with a long traveling-cloak, "there is no one to express a single regret at for ever losing Miss Hopkins."

"No one can feel it, madam," returned Rachel rationally, as she noticed with an experienced eye how faultlessly the dress fitted, without being tight upon, the young figure so delicately yet firmly and roundly moulded by youth and perfect health—"no one!" she added convincingly, as she took possession of a round leather box and followed her mistress from the room.

The bill was paid without even a glance at it, and gratuities given so shyly that the solemn old waiter would have been surprised had not Miss Hopkins lost the power of further surprising him since she returned to the inn, alone and on foot, before breakfast time on the morning following her departure from it, presumably for several days or weeks or months.

At the station they waited for the down-train due in Torquay at 3:33; and, on its arrival, a porter, who had been in attendance, found an empty first-class compartment and led them to it, handing Rachel her box, and then seeing that no item in the pile of luggage was left behind.

As soon as the train had started, Rachel opened the box and took from it a dainty brown hat, its wide soft brim looped with feathers of some golden brown shade. Miss Hopkins put it on, looking out of the window all the time; and, when Rachel had deposited the dark little quiet bonnet into the box instead, she took the cloak from her mistress, and saw, with the eye of an artist in costume, how perfectly the dress and hat were matched, and how exquisitely both became their wearer.

"I'm delighted," she said, in her thoughts, "that it all failed, and she didn't go in that quiet way she meant to—and tried to."

"This cannot suit me, Rachel," said the girl, touching the hat where it met the bright brown locks that ruffled themselves up into little shining curves upon the forehead and temples. "Surely it is too near the color of my hair!"

"Oh, madam, if you could but see, you wouldn't say so!"

Rachel's spontaneous words rang true in their simple astonishment, and her young mistress understood this with a feeling of the purest delight. Just to-day how good it would be to please all eyes! No one could know her save by what their eyes told them; no one could judge her save by what they saw; and if what they saw might but please them, as it pleased Rachel!

This was the longing in the girl's heart, as, through the remainder of the brief journey, she sat looking out in silence, beautiful in silence, beautiful in her deep thoughtfulness—not yet afraid, though going in such loneliness to meet her great responsibilities.

CHAPTER V.

ON the Torquay platform, conspicuously awaiting the 3:30 train from London, stood Mr. Norman Pardy; and scarcely had the train stopped before he had opened the car door for Miss Glenorris. For a rather unwontedly long period he retained the hand she gave him; then he led her towards the door of exit, gently courteous, looking as if he saw no one else in all the well-sized, well-filled station. But Joy Glenorris did. She caught instant sight of her own agent standing in the background and in her frank way she offered him her hand. He raised his hat, bowing with deep respect, before he took it, while she wondered why he gave no evidence of being surprised to recognize her.

Drawn up to the pavement outside the station stood a large and rather shabby barouche with a pair of gray horses and a pair of men in dingy green livery, one on the box and one at the carriage door. As the girl's eyes rested on the empty carriage there came into them a strange stormy light. Mr. Johnson, standing ready to mount his saddled horse when the carriage should have driven away, noticed it, and recalled how differently, in the grim old farm at Dartmoor on the previous day, the calm quizzical eyes had followed every person and thing.

Mr. Pardy paused with his hand on the carriage door.

"May I drive with you, Miss Glenorris, that you may use me as a guide," he asked, in a gentle leisurely way, "or will it be presuming on our slight acquaintance? I hoped I might, as Mrs. Kleinon and Mrs. Fears-Kleinon did not come."

"Why did they not come?" inquired the girl, with the stormy look still troubling her eyes.

"Really I fear," he acknowledged with unwillingness, as he seated himself opposite her—Rachel was waiting to take her seat in one of the cabs now being laden with luggage—"that it is so thoroughly against the principle of either of those ladies to ride on the front seat of any carriage that they could not gulp down their pride to do it even to-day."

"Or rather perhaps," said the girl indifferently, "to-day least of all."

"Least of all—most probably so indeed," he amended, leaning deferentially towards her. "Wherever they might sit to-day, they must needs be a very secondary consideration while the young mistress of Meriswood comes into her own. A happy day for Meriswood, truly!"

"Perhaps a happiness that lives only for to-day," she surmised lightly, and then was sorry that she had disappointed him. "He has very gentle manners," she thought, as they went on, he entertaining her with lively chat about all they passed, "and he looks good and gentle. I am very glad, as he is to be a neighbor."

Mr. Johnson rode in attendance on the carriage, now and then bending to address Miss Glenorris, and always winning ready attention; but gradually other gentlemen met, or overtook them, one at a time or in little groups, raised their hats, and rode with the carriage.

"Can they all be Meriswood agents?" inquired Miss Glenorris demurely of her companion; and Mr. Johnson, the only agent present, looking down at that moment rejoiced to see again the gleam of merriment in her eyes.

"They are your tenants," rejoined Mr. Pardy, with a smile.

Like herself he bowed to each rider who came up; and, though his greeting had an ease which Mr. Johnson did not like, it had an unobtrusiveness with which he could find no fault.

There was a small equestrian crowd around the carriage now—gentlemen on horses that made the hirer's grays look unpensionable; elderly hearty yeomen who seemed to have grown to middle age in the saddle; young men who thought it wise not to glance too often into the beautiful girlish face; older, hardier men, stooping over their heavy hard-worked steeds; and before the gates which Joy Glenorris so well remembered passing unattended only two days before, a little crowd of laborers waited on foot.

As the carriage with its mounted escort passed the gates, a cheer greeted it—a cheer with no heart in it, though it really was a cheer, Joy Glenorris acknowledged to herself, with a pathetic little smile which the men who looked at her thought beautiful. Yet, if they had known her better, they would assuredly have missed the heart in that too.

At the lodge doors a cluster of women stood curtseying with unwearied hopefulness, and somewhere the church-bells were chiming, and over the gates a flag was raised; but the bell sounded far off, and the flag fell so very limply on the autumn air that the brilliant colors of the Glenorris escutcheon were but a blurred stroke. At the door of the old mansion the tenants drew up their horses on either side, and, standing bare-headed for Miss Glenorris to enter, raised again the uncertain and rather fragile cheer. Again she smiled bravely for all her disappointment, then, with a brilliant suppressed excitement in her eyes, passed into her own house, and every one was at liberty to make his comments upon her unabashed.

These comments were varied enough, but all more or less impulsive, except those of Mr. Norman Pardy, when relating the scene to his invalid mother, whose glimpses of the world beyond her own two rooms were caught only through her son's eyes.

"I may call her almost beautiful," he allowed dispassionately—for every one knew he was no servile worshipper, of beauty—"though her mouth nearly pouts, and her chin has narrowly escaped being pointed."

He did not add that the contour of the dimpled chin was in her far prettier than pure oval, simply because he scarcely knew it yet. Nor did he realize how very soon any man looking into her face would lose all desire for correct regularity of feature or outline.

"I think perhaps," he went on, calmly critical, "that the charm of her prettiness may lie in her utter ignorance of possessing any; but the fools she will have about her now will soon destroy that. It would be desirable perhaps for her position that she had more dignity; but still a naturally graceful girl can acquire that in time, and—after all, the fools will be right when they tell her it does not signify the least in one so exquisitely pretty."

* * * * * *

It was scarcely a picturesque attitude, and certainly not a dignified one—indeed in this sombre heavily-furnished room its only expression was a forlorn and desolate one. At any rate, it seemed so to Mrs. Nelson coming quietly into this bed-room which they had told her was Miss Glenorris's.

"My—dear!" she said, the words wrung from her involuntarily when she saw the girl sitting upon the hearth, her hands locked round her knees, her head lying back against the great darkly-canopied four-post bed, and her brilliant stormy yearning gaze directed straight into the unanswering heart of the red fire. "My dear!" she said again, in the true pure mother-tones, holding out her hand the while.

"Thank you," said Joy Glenorris, rising slowly and turning her face to meet the warm compassionate glance; "you are very——"

The prim conventional speech was shattered abruptly. Something in the kind touch, or voice, or eyes broke through the barrier of pride and misery that had reared itself around the girl in her great loneliness, and she burst into a passionate childish fit of crying.

Mrs. Nelson understood it all, and let the tears have their way, soothing by caresses, but not speaking—silent until the sobbing was over, and the girl herself was silent. Then she spoke with pleasant sympathy, telling her that this feeling of loneliness was but the most natural reaction after the excitement of the afternoon, and that she had done her part so well down in the drawing-room, among the many who had clustered there to welcome her, that of course every one knew she must pay for the strain in some way—and indeed of all ways a fit of crying was the most natural and wise.

Joy even smiled a little at this last word.

"Unwise," she corrected—"just an earnest of what all my acts will be here, where they ought indeed to be wise. An hour ago I thought I might be so happy and even good here, and now——"

"You will presently not only feel it so again, but prove it so, my child. I am sure you looked happy over every one's gladness at seeing you."

"Gladness!" echoes the girl, her eyes flashing in their unnatural excitement. "There was no gladness—no real rejoicing. It was like a laugh without merriment—it was a greeting without heart. And why should it be otherwise? Why should they care for me? But"—with a sudden change to intense gentleness—"it shall be different. If I live, they shall be glad for me some day—really glad!"

"It should have been different to day," said Mrs. Nelson musingly, as she read the wide inquiry in the girl's beautiful eyes; "but it is not worth our while, my child, to dive for the cause. All will be right now you have come. What a day it will be when you come of age! How soon?"

"I shall be twenty on New Year's day. The first of January is always doubly a New Year's day to me."

"Then we have to wait for more than a year," smiled Mrs. Nelson, who had brought up the subject merely as a substitute for the other. "Just think of how you will have won all hearts by then!"

"I began badly. I was a hypocrite in the first hour," said Joy, in her simple direct way, but with no tears now as she held Mrs Nelson's hand in both of hers. "Tell me again, as you did this afternoon, that you forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive, my dear—nothing," was the prompt generous retort.

"I never meant to do it," resumed the girl, shaking her head gently in dissent from Mrs. Nelson's assertion. "I thought I would come home quietly and alone. I felt I might come when I chose, as this has been my own home ever since July. I thought the—my servants would understand: I suppose I was idiotic enough to even fancy they would know me. Of course I might very naturally have surmised the contrary: but I did not then. The man was so cold, and—I don't know how to say it, but altogether it was so chilling that I asked for Miss Glenorris, simply to hear what he would say, and then it all seemed done, and too late to change. He asked me for my name, and I gave Rachel's. It all came quite easily after that, and I—I fear I liked doing it, mean as I was. It seemed to be going to give me experience which would help me afterwards. I grew to feel as if I had come purposely to—to discover hypocritically what was thought of Miss Glenorris and what was expected from her."

"Too much was expected, of course," interrupted Mrs. Nelson vexedly, though she tried to smile.

"Yes, I saw that these three months had done nothing towards fitting her for her position; but I heard more than what was expected from her."

"It is a pity, is it not," said Mrs. Nelson, "that none of us can feel the happier or better for hearing what others think of us when we are not supposed to be present? But you, my dear, must remember that we all spoke in utter ignorance. We knew nothing of Joy Glenorris."

"We! Oh, Mrs. Nelson, you"—with great emphasis—"said nothing Joy Glenorris was not most grateful to hear. She never can forget the kindness of her reception in your house—and its happiness."

"I dare say we seemed a great number to you," suggested Mrs. Nelson, swallowing a lump in her throat. "But talking of crowds"—which they were not—"what a crowded drawing-room you have had for more than an hour, and every one so gratified! It was an uncalled-for exasperation for Mrs. Fears-Kleinon to so persistently

address you as Miss Hopkins, and then so demonstratively apologise; but no one understood save ourselves. It was a very pleasant idea of yours to have it all so informal to-day, and to seem so thoroughly at home at once. And itwas a great treat even to see every one so pleased."

"Your daughters made it all pleasant," said the girl wistfully. "They would not let any one be dull."

"My dear, no one had the faintest desire to be dull; and, as for my girls, I am not likely to be prejudiced in their disfavor, you will allow; but"—with a smile—"I have eyes. I wonder"—looking round the room—"why they put you into this gloomy and ungirlish place. I suppose they will have professed to think it right because it was the late Mr. Glenorris's room; but he never cared where he slept, and you will change it of course. Now I must be gone."

"But you have promised to dine with me!" cried Joy anxiously. "I cannot on my first night miss the only ones who were kind to me."

"Oh, we are coming!"—with a smile. "I think I heard you ask Mr. Johnson to be here early, so I presume you wish to speak with him before dinner."

"Yes," said Joy, obediently dropping Mrs. Nelson's hand. "Mrs. Fears-Kienon said it was atrocious taste in me to ask Mr. Johnson here to dine; but this is not a formal night, and I had done it when she spoke."

"And I don't think," observed Mrs. Nelson, "that you will change to Mrs. Fears-Kienon's way of thinking. Both she and her mother dislike Mr. Johnson very openly; and I scarcely think it is to be wondered at that he entertains a somewhat similar feeling for them, considering all the circumstances. But of course they will soon be gone now—even if they are to billet themselves at the Dower House—and so no prejudices of theirs need annoy you."

"They ought to have gone before I came," said the girl, her eyes shining with a passion bordering on tears.

"Yes, their conduct is incomprehensible," returned Mrs. Nelson very soothingly, "and so much so to Anne as to any one."

"I wonder," said Joy, with a sudden softening of the impetuous tones, "what Anne went away for to-day? Why would she not see me, Mrs. Nelson? Why should she avoid me?"

"She is very odd," explained Mrs. Nelson, smiling; "but she has not gone away, I fancy. She is nearly always painting in her own little room, and she has probably been there all day. She is bitterly ashamed of her mother and sister for keeping possession of this house."

"Will you show me the way, please, to her room?"

"With pleasure, dear. This is a curious old place, isn't it? You know, I daresay, that Mr. Glenorris had intended pulling down this ugly old pile and building a splendid mansion for his son; but when they quarrelled—I should say when young Glenorris went abroad—all the materials—some of the stone already beautifully carved—were carted away to the village, and the new church built with them by his orders. That, at any rate, is beautiful, however crumbling and ugly Merlswood may be."

"What a cruel thing of the son to go away!"

"We do not quite understand, dear, do we? This is Anne's room."

CHAPTER VI

JOY tapped upon the door twice before she received any answer; then the permission to enter was given moodily enough. She opened the door and stood just within it, closing it behind her, while her quizzical eyes took in the scene. At an easel near the only window the little room contained some one stood painting, with her back to the door; and Joy knew that a dim memory of an old schoolfellow was slowly coming back to her.

"Miss Kienon," she said, fancying her entrance had been unobserved; but Miss Kienon did not turn, and Joy Glenorris came up to her, and laid one hand upon her shoulder.

It was all familiar now, the stooping figure in its ill-fitting dress, clumsily tied round the broad waist, the thick knot of rather coarse black hair, and the glimpse of a sallow squarely-built face, a firm intellectual chin, and small, deeply-set, expressive brown eyes.

"Why were you not downstairs, Miss Kienon?" the girl asked gently.

"What assistance could I be where all are rejoicing?"

"Not," Joy corrected wistfully, "where all were rejoicing. Anne, it is a glimpse from old, old days to see you. Turn your eyes to me. I long to meet them now, though I was afraid to do so when I came here as Miss Hopkins, and heard you had been at school with Joy Glenorris."

No answer; but the shoulder under the girl's hand heaved nervously.

"Do turn to me, Anne."

Then Miss Kienon turned, so abruptly as to startle the girl in her high-strung nervous excitement.

"Why do you waste any of this great day here with me?" she asked, with an odd scrutiny. "They must want you downstairs, even if only to—look at you."

"You remember me, Anne," queried Joy Glenorris, trying not to wonder over her companion's manner, "though it must be seven years since we met, and we were together for so short a time?"

"Yes, I remember," cried Miss Kienon, shaking off Joy's hand, and speaking with set lips—"I remember. You don't know what it means to remember as I remember—and you never will."

"Has my coming brought it back so vividly?" asked Joy, in simple surprise.

"Has it? Let me see;" and Anne stepped back, and gazed at her companion with curious intentness. "Yes, your coming has," she said heavily—"but not your likeness to the child I knew. I thought," she went on, still with this intent scrutiny, "that I knew what to expect when Kate came up to me to relieve herself of her opinion of you, declaring that your face was not worth a farthing more than a shilling a yard, and that you ought to have kept on your long tan gloves for tea, and not have shown your wrists so much. I knew then that your face looked as well as her most expensive investments, and that your wrists were—too pretty; yet I was not prepared."

"But, Anne," said Joy, smiling with raised brows, "all girls have the same wrists; and I never thought whether my sleeves might be too short, nor what sort of face they had put into my dress."

"May I tell you what I remember of those days you spoke of, Miss Glenorris?" inquired Anne sadly, as she stood beside the easel. "No"—with a rather pathetic heaving of her flat chest—"don't come nearer to me, and don't rebuke me for my formality until you know. It was seven years ago, as you said. Seven years! I was nineteen then. I was always kept back for Kate's sake, and I was only then leaving school. You were about thirteen, I should say, and had been there only one term, when the Christmas holidays came and the time at last"—with intense bitterness in the tone—"for my departure. You left soon afterwards unexpectedly, as I learnt; but then you had no thought of going. You proposed—I remember it was your proposal—a Christmas present being given to madame, and every one caught up the idea readily and willingly. No girl was to give more than a sovereign, and they elected you to keep the money because you had proposed the gift. There were twelve of us, and you soon had eleven sovereigns. I overheard a few whispered taunts from the girls who knew I never had any money; but I heard none from you, nor in your presence. By avoiding you I fancied I put off the humiliation of your vainly asking me for my contribution, but you never intended to ask me, I gradually learnt that. You had not done so when the last day came, and we were having our final discussion on the purchase for next day. That evening," the small rather thin lips grew more hard set here, and the pale face turned more aside, "I brought you in a five-pound note, and you gave me four sovereigns in change, and thanked me, and didn't even understand the astonishment on the girls' faces, nor even the innuendoes so sharp and terrible to me.

"Next day one of the girls suggested to you that the note could not really have been Anne Kienon's; but you did not even then understand what she meant, and, so she spoke plainly to you, and said she believed I had stolen it—— How you start even now! Wait one moment. In your wrath, for you were fiercely angry, child as you were, you pushed her from you so passionately that she fell. I heard and saw it all, and I forget nothing. This is the last of my long expiation, the telling you to-day she was right, and you, in your unsuspicion of my wickedness, were wrong. I did steal that note, stole it from the very one whom I mocked by joining in your gift to her.

"I stole it," Anne repeated, turning now to fixedly meet the sad surprised gray eyes. "I stole it, and put the four sovereigns into the poor-box at church. Now turn away. If you would but push me from you as you pushed that child who said the truth to you! But you will not. Well, one minute more. I shall soon be gone out of your life. You know what little right I have to be crossing it at this moment.

"Whether madame really never suspected me, or whether she too surely guessed, and would not say a word because I was going away, and was so much older than any of you, and because of that gift to her, I shall never know. She died three years ago, and just on that very day, it was the one only time in all my life, I sold a picture, and sold it for five pounds. It was too late then to give it her, with my confession, as I had always meant to give her all my earnings; but I spent it in white flowers and gave them to her, telling her all as she lay dead.

"That was the only money I ever earned and I know I never shall earn more. I often fancy it was a dream, sent me in answer to my unceasing urgent prayer, because the reality was beyond my power. I never can believe now that any work of mine could win me money, even though I labored untiringly. But for that day, whether a dream or reality, my gratitude will be lifelong, just as my punishment must be.

"What?" she cried brokenly, for Joy had suddenly put two loving arms about her neck and kissed her.

"That," said Miss Glenorris demurely, and stood again to listen, only holding Anne's hand in hers.

"That will be another, gracious memory," said Anne, quite steadily now, though she drew her hand across her eyes, "and I shall treasure them. We shall be gone soon now—at least, I hope we have that little sense of justice left."

"Do you know, Anne," remarked Joy, so gently and calmly that there was no evidence of the shock this confession had given her, only of her depths of tenderness stirred, "I begin to feel sure it is better for you all to be here at present. It is kinder to me. I want companions, of course; and when I advertised for one in London, I had six hundred and seventy-one answers; so, as I could not possibly read them all, I threw all away—it was fairer, wasn't it?—and advertised again that I had changed my mind and preferred solitude. Ah, you look more like yourself when you smile! I recognise once more the strong positiveness in your nose and chin. So you see now that it is well to have companions on the spot!"

"But you must have so many old friends," interposed Anne, with a half-unconscious sigh, "who will soon make Merlswood into a home for you."

"None," declared Miss Glenorris, with rather suspicious readiness, "for I want none from the old, from the past. And really, Anne"—with an ease which put her companion at her ease as nothing else could possibly have done—"I shall want to watch the progress of that embroidered cushion. Will it last through more lives than Mrs. Fears-Kienon's, do you think?"

"Very probably," returned Anne, with a smile which scarcely seemed at home on her lips, "as it is touched only when visitors are here. It was your first and last experience of being received as a visitor at Merlswood. But surely," with a sudden painful flush, "it is enough generosity in you to allow mother the Dower House, without allowing her her own time for going! They are not poor—at least, mother is not—and mother and Kate are like one, while I might not exist for all the care they have for me."

"We will see about the Dower House later," said Miss Glenorris decisively; "but I want you."

"I have nothing of my own; mother pays for things I wear, that is all," Miss Kienon went on, as if schooling herself to continue what she had to say through any interruption. "When father died, there was for a long time no money to carry out his will; but Kate had hers; marriage-settlements are so severe that the married daughters must—and, tho' her husband was rich—they were living together then—she never offered to give up its use for a time to mother. Yet mother never resented it, for all Kate does is right in her eyes. I often believe," bitterly, "that it is best and wisest to think of no one but oneself. It needs must impress others with one's value. And often it seems to me Kate has good cause to value herself as she does, for she always seems superior to every one she is with, always right and wise and calm, others wrong and impetuous and vulgar by comparison. I get bewildered, and wonder why every one can't be as unprejudiced and judicious and tolerant as Kate, and how any one can be as tactless and tasteless and common as Kate's sister."

"Show me your paintings, will you, Anne?" asked Miss Glenorris, gently trying to turn the conversation.

"No, please," with a shrinking gesture. "They are not worth looking at. I can't paint well; I can do nothing well. You may easily imagine that consciousness is but a depressing companion to me all my days. If I might, I should hide my failures and myself; but I may not always; and when I am forced into society, oh, how keenly I feel my deficiencies there! I don't even know how to look like other people."

"I can fancy you in society very easily," Joy calmly observed, without a glance at the ill-dressed figure, only straight into the expressive unlit eyes.

"I do not even play or sing. Think of that in society nowadays!"

"Never mind," returned Joy merrily. "Don't you think that those who talk very pleasantly do their duty just as well?"

"Talk pleasantly!" echoed Miss Kienon bitterly. "I never have anything to say."

"Nor have many who talk pleasantly all the same."

"And the degrading consciousness I have of our being here unrightfully has taken even the little spirit I had. No one understood, of course; and so they have thought even worse of me here than they did in our old home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN A HESSIAN HAYFIELD.—The scene in a Hessian hayfield is picturesque enough. The women gather the hay and throw it up to the men who shape the load on the waggons. In one place I saw three women sawing wood, and one man splitting it. One generally supposes that the sawing is the harder task. Yet happier workers the sun never shone on. There is a little group of women, some in scarlet and some in blue, who toss the hay tufts high in the air, from very strength and joy. There are some little girls close by who do the lighter work, and also wear the same picturesque Hessian costumes. The still lingering costumes tell the story of distinctions among the lowly Teutons, and the still strong attachment of the Hessian to the life of his forefathers.

Oft in that beautiful hayfield, on this crisp September morning, the women wear the same bright colors as when Tacitus gathered gossip from returned soldiers of the barbarous tribe who have long outlived the empire of the Roman conquerors. The dresses of the women are short, and of the brightest colors known to the dyer's art. Long ribbons hang from either side of their luxuriant hair. The outer garment is a neat and long blouse, of bright blue linen. There is no country in all Germany where there has been less change than in Hesse. The men are tall, well-framed, Scotch-like for all the world, and so were their fathers, as far back as Charlemagne. The women are Amazonian, and could fight a battle as well as the men.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.—The ancient fishing industry on the Sea of Galilee still exists but is much run down. There is but one sailing craft on the lake. The waters swarm with piscatorial life, just as they did eighteen centuries ago, but the Galileans are too lazy to try to secure the property.

SAWING WOOD.—A tramp called upon a gentleman in Bath, Me., and offered to saw wood for his dinner. The gentleman accepting the proposition, but was unable to find a saw. He was so pleased, however, with the fellow's willingness to work, that he gave him a square meal. A short time afterward he discovered that the tramp had stolen the saw.

LITTLE NEEDED.—Abyssinians seem to require "but little here below" as regards variety in their diet, and are very conservative as to the paucity of vegetables. Onions with another savory plant almost as obnoxious to the nasal organ, with the addition of capsicums, are all they seem to care about. Potatoes were introduced some time ago, but are never allowed to come to maturity, and are eaten raw.

A BULL BEGGING PARDON.—An Irishman was going along the road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground (as is the custom of the animal when irritated), whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said, "If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix, I should think that you had thrown me over this fence on purpose!"

MAN AND MONKEY.—While in Algeria a mighty hunter went off on a long excursion, accompanied by a native guide, whose face and manner were not too inspiring of confidence. They had scant luck, provisions ran short, and the guide proposed to his employer a dish of broiled monkey. "I don't know," said the European, though he was hungry; "what does it taste like?" "It is tenderer than man, but not so juicy," replied the guide, in the most matter-of-fact manner. The European at once broke up camp and returned homeward, insisting on carrying his own gun and having the guide in front.

A LUCKY HIT.—An old woman once came to Flamsteed, the first English Astronomer-Royal, to ask him whereabouts a certain bundle of linen might be which she had lost. Flamsteed, wishing to show the folly of that belief in astrology which had led her to Greenwich Observatory, drew a circle, put a square into it, and gravely pointed out a ditch near her cottage, in which he said it would be found. He then waited until she should return disappointed to administer the rebuke he intended for her; but, greatly to his surprise, she came back in great delight with the bundle in her hand, found in the very place!

RARE CURIOSITIES.—The heads of the bank notes of different denominations are not generally known, and very few persons can tell what portraits are on the different notes. They are as follows: On United States—$1, Washington; $2, Jefferson; $5, Jackson; $10, Webster; $20, Hamilton; $50, Franklin; $100, Lincoln; $500, Gen. Mansfield; $1000, De Witt Clinton; $5000, Madison; $10,000, Jackson. On silver certificates—$10, Robert Morris; $20, Commodore Decatur; $50, Edward Everett; $100, James Monroe, $500, Charles Sumner; and $1000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes—$20, Garfield; $50, Silas Wright; $100, Thomas H. Benton; $500, A. Lincoln; $1000, Alexander Hamilton; $5000 James Madison; $10,000, Andrew Jackson.

SAVED BY A DOLPHIN.—There is at Bristol, England, a charitable institution known as "Colston's School," and so called from the name of its founder. The scholars wear on their breasts the figure of a dolphin in brass, the meaning of which is as follows: Mr. Colston, a rich West India merchant, was on one occasion coming home with a ship which contained treasure. During the voyage the vessel sprang a leak, and after having pumped for a long time, day and night, without result, the people on board were every moment expecting to go to the bottom. All at once to their astonishment the leak was stopped. On examination it was found that a dolphin had providentially squeezed itself into the hole, and thus saved them from destruction. Mr. Colston subsequently ordered the emblem of a dolphin to be worn at the school as a token both of his deliverance and his gratitude.

ONLY ONCE.—A Chinese regiment, drilled in the European way and commanded by an Englishman, was some time ago stationed at Foochow, where it occupied barracks of commodious dimensions, overlooking an extensive parade-ground. No fault was to be found with either the accommodation provided for the men or with the manner in which they were clothed and fed; and their officer was very proud of them. With the view of showing his friend, an English naval officer, the perfection of their discipline, he once sounded the "assembly" in the middle of the night, whereupon all the men hastened down and drew up in the sand in perfect order. His men had arrived at the proper standard of discipline; but, when he thought to apply the test on another occasion, the soldiers, instead of hurrying to the parade-ground, ran to the windows and greeted their commander with shouts of laughter and cries of "No catchee!" Their sense of humor was too strong for their feelings of discipline.

THE STARRY BLOSSOM.

BY F. E. S.

Under a ruined abbey wall,
Whose fallen stones, with moss o'ergrown,
Almost the smooth fresh turf were strown,
And piled around the roots—and tall,
Green-ivied trunks, and branching arms
Of beeches, sheltering from the storms,
Within its empty, roofless hall—
There, in a broken sill, I spied
A little blossom, purple-eyed.

I took it thence, and carried far
The plant into a greenhouse, where
I tended it, with blossoms rare,
Until it brightened, like a star
Delivered from a passing cloud,
That hides it 'neath a silver shroud,
Yet fails its loveliness to mar;
Until it ceased to be a wild
And common thing—and then I smiled.

It grew, and thrived; new buds put forth,
And more, and more, and still became
More fruitful, till, no more the same
Meek, lowly child of the far north,
It reared its lordly stem on high,
Climbing towards the distant sky,
As though it deemed its greater worth
Deserved a higher place, and kept
Still reaching onwards—then I wept.

I wept, because I thought the weed
Showed strange ingratitude to me,
And had forgot how lovingly
I nourished it when in its need.
And then the flower bent down its head,
Touched me caressingly, and said:
"Think not that I forget thy deed,
The tender care and constant thought
That in my life this change have wrought.

"Now to the far-off skies I climb,
Because I fain would show thee, there
Is something higher than the care
Of a mere plant, to fill the time
God giveth thee. How, then, my love
For thee more truly can I prove
Than by thus pointing to a clime
Where Hope's fulfilment thou shalt find,
And earthly love to heaven's, blind?"

* * * * * * * *

So, from a tiny seedling, grows
Sweet Friendship's root from year to year,
Nourished alike by smile and tear,
By sun and storm, and winter snows
Of jealousy and blind mistrust:
Through which the deathless plant shall thrust
Its growing flower, until it blows
At last, within that land on high
Where virtues bloom eternally.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XVIII—(CONTINUED.)

"ALICE, dear," she said, softly, "if you have any trouble at any time, I want you to come to me. I want to confide in you as well."

"Yes, yes! Do. Pray do," said Lady Fanshaw, as if glad to hear her cousin speak. "Is—is there anything now?"

Judith did not answer for a few moments, and then said, softly—"Yes."

"What is it? Pray tell me, dear!"

She spoke excitedly at times, but seemed to drag herself back into a state of unnatural calm.

"It is about George Carleigh."

Alice's eyes half closed, but her temples throbbed, and there was a strange twitching about the corners of her lips.

"Uncle Harry seems to take it for granted that we are to be married some day. Do you think it would be for the best?"

"No, no!" said Alice, quickly, and her eyes gazed fully now into those of her questioner. "No, Judith. No. But," she cried, quickly, "do you love him?"

Judith looked at her curiously for a few moments, and then her lips parted to utter a decided—

"No!"

"Hallo, here, why weren't we called to tea?" cried Sir Robert, loudly. "Come along, Harry. Here's gossipping going on. Well, girls will be girls. Hallo! where are the boys?"

"Out somewhere, uncle," said Judith, pouring out more tea.

"You look pale, love," said Sir Harry, tenderly, bending down over Lady Fanshaw, and screening the act with his own body, as he softly pressed back his wife's heavy hair. "Your forehead is quite damp. It is the heat, I suppose."

He smiled, and took a chair near her, while Judith passed tea to both, glancing at her cousin once, asking herself what had passed; while, by a superhuman effort, Alice sat there calm and composed, sipping her tea mechanically, and then taking up a piece of work.

It was a singular mental state, as if she had been utterly stunned by the events of the evening; and for the time being there was a cessation of the intense mental agony she had felt.

Judith did not take much notice of her, for her own thoughts were busy and full of repentance at her behaviour towards Range.

"I seemed so cold towards him," she thought; "but I could not say anything then. Oh, surely he will not go to-morrow! I wish he would come in now."

Judith felt as if she ought not to have permitted such a wish to enter her mind, and she colored slightly with vexation.

"It's all nonsense!" she said to herself. "He's not gentlemanly; and as to his money, I hate it. How dare he fall in love with me!"

And then, with all the inconsistency of her sex, she glanced across the room, for there was a foot-step, and she heaved a sigh of vexation as the door opened and the butler entered, bearing in some hot toast for Sir Robert.

"He's a Croesus," she said. "Let him fall in love with some female Croesus in America. I'm going to stop with dear old Uncle Rob."

She left her seat and crossed to the old general to take his cup and have her ear pinched for her pains.

"Don't those fellows want any tea?" he said.

"N-o-t they," said Sir Harry. "Boys don't care for tea. It is only ladies and old women of our kind, Bob, who care for tea. I say, though, I wish they'd come. I want some music to-night."

Lady Fanshaw drew her breath painfully.

"Mr. Range is offended," said Judith, to herself. "Poor fellow! I am sorry."

Sir Harry rose and walked to the window.

"Don't see any peripatetic fireflies—no cigars burning," he said. "Perhaps they are having a stroll."

By-and-by the butler came in again.

"Seen Captain Carleigh, Josephs?" said Sir Harry.

"No, Sir Harry. Not since dinner. I think he went down the garden."

"With Mr. Range, Josephs?" said Sir Robert.

"No, Sir Robert. Mr. Range went out too—lit a cigar, Sir Robert—and went down the green path to the woods."

Lady Fanshaw's face was now ghastly.

The butler left the room, and Sir Robert lay back in his chair, pretending to sip his tea, but all the time watching Judith.

"Poor girl," he said to himself; "she's fidgeting because that fellow Range is not here. Hem a dance, sir, that he is. I never was a lady's man, but in my time do you think I'd have let such a girl as my Judy fret after me, and do you think I'd have talked about going farther on my travels when I could have made a lasting home in the heart of such a girl as that? Pshaw! I'm deceived in the fellow! I'm deceived in him! Here, give me some more tea, Judy, my dear," he said, aloud.

"Why, uncle, you've had four cups!" she replied.

"Well, what's that to you, miss? It isn't your tea; it's your uncle's, I'm thinking, and it makes me thirsty. What, say, Harry?"

"I'm going to look for George," said Sir Harry. "I feel like you, thirsty, Bob; but it's a thirst for sweet sounds. Alice, my dear, will you get out some music?"

Lady Fanshaw rose and walked slowly to the piano as Sir Harry left the room, and stood there, cold eyed and staring, with her back to Sir Robert and Judith.

"What next?" she asked herself. Dared she try and stop Sir Harry?

She felt the next moment that she could do nothing but let the vessel of her fate drift slowly on as this life-stream should carry it. There were the breakers right ahead, and beyond them the rocks of destruction.

She stood there so silent and motionless that Sir Robert turned to gaze at her, looking directly after at Judith; but, seeing that she too was watching her cousin, he hastily turned aside his gaze, and sat frowning and thinking in no very satisfied frame of mind.

"I've got it all clubbed," he said to himself, "but I can't interfere; and I don't like to talk to Judy about it. Well, well, perhaps matters will settle themselves."

Meanwhile, Sir Harry strolled into the library to find it empty, then through the great conservatory—a favorite place with Carleigh; but he was not there; and it did not seem likely that he would be in the billiard-room, for the lamps had not been lit.

"They're down the garden somewhere, I daresay, and I shall not go there."

He was just turning to go back when the faint scent of a cigar was wafted to him.

Someone was smoking in the billiard-room after all.

Crossing the conservatory, and opening the glass door, he stepped in.

The place was dark, for though there was a glow in the east, the moon had not yet risen, and at the first glance the place seemed as empty as it was silent.

"You there, Range?" he said.

No answer.

"George, my boy!"

"Eh? Yes. Who's there?" exclaimed Carleigh, hurriedly, as if waking from sleep.

"Why, what are you doing here in the dark, boy?"

"Only having a cigar. It was quiet and cool here. I'm afraid I've been asleep."

"Not a doubt of it. Where's Range?"

The words were on Carleigh's lips, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but he did not speak them, saying, quietly—

"Range? Hardly seen him since he left the table."

"Gone for a stroll then, I suppose. Long one, seemingly. Here, come in the drawing-room, Alice is waiting. We want some music."

Carleigh rose from the divan where he had been lying, and accompanied the General back to the drawing-room, where, looking deadly white, Lady Fanshaw was standing ready to shiver slightly as she saw them enter together, Sir Harry with his arm resting lightly on Carleigh's shoulder, and a smile on the latter's lips, as if there were no black secret waiting to be revealed, and all were as it had been weeks ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

"'HER COMETH NOT,' SHE SAID."

As Carleigh entered the room, Judith noticed that his eyes seemed to contract, and that he also was very pale. He directed a quick glance at Alice before dropping his eyelids.

Judith noticed his pallid looks and the glance, and put her own interpretation upon that which she saw.

"They have had words—a quarrel, perhaps; and—oh! I am so glad."

Then her thoughts turned to her own trouble, and the sinking sensation she felt belied her words.

For some moments Lady Fanshaw could not look at Carleigh, but when he walked slowly and carelessly towards her she could not help glancing at him, and a feeling of wonder dazed her for the moment.

He was smiling as he came; and though he no longer wore a dress-coat, having changed it for a loose velvet jacket buttoned to the chin, his features were unruffled, and his black trousers and patent leather shoes were unsoiled.

Was it all a dream? she asked herself.

"What are we to sing?" he said. "Have you any orders, Sir Harry?"

"What you like, my dears, so long as it is soft and soothing. Hah!"

He gave vent to a sigh of content as he settled himself very comfortably in his lounge.

"Will you come and play, Judith?" said Carleigh; and there was such a gentle tone in his voice and such a bright smile upon his lip as he addressed her that the girl's heart throbbed again.

"They have had words, and there will be no more of that wretched flirting. Oh, I am glad!"

Her thoughts stood still there, for she asked herself, Was she glad?

What did it mean? If George Carleigh had quarrelled with Alice—if, as Judith hoped, she had seen the folly of her ways in permitting such close attentions upon his part, and had seriously taken him to task, he had fallen back into his proper place.

Judith's color went and came as she rose to go to the piano, for in a flash it had come upon her that, if this were so, Carleigh would commence trying to follow out Sir Harry's wishes, and this just as she had secured him an open field by her dismissal of Arthur Range.

It was as if from a natural instinct, which prompted her to seek for a protector, one whom she had herself owned to be a very dear friend, that she glanced at window and door, as if expecting to see him enter now.

But all was silent in the garden, where the glow was getting stronger beyond the wood, and no step could be heard in the hall.

"I am not a child," she said. Then, to herself, "I have dear uncle on my side, and I am not for him."

The "him" was decidedly the man who stood calmly, to all appearance, at her side as she ran through the prelude to the duet from Il Trovatore; and for the next ten minutes or so Sir Harry sat gently bowing his head, as the sweet harmony rose and fell to the end.

Sir Harry seemed insatiable that night, and kept naming duet after duet, which was played and sung almost automatically by the three performers at the instrument. Judith played in a brilliant, excited manner, and the voice of Lady Fanshaw and Carleigh's rich baritone had never seemed to the General to blend so well before, and at last, almost in shame, he ceased from his demands.

"I shall have you hoarse to-morrow, my dear," he said, tenderly. "There, that will do George, my boy. You've made a mistake," he added. "You should have been a professional singer—well, no; not a mistake. The Queen could not afford to lose a brave, honorable soldier. Thank you, my boy; thank you. Why, Alice, my child I've tired you out."

He had seen a spasm as of pain cross her face, though it was calm once more as she sank back in a chair, while Judith made a pretence of taking up a book, but could not keep her eyes fixed upon it.

Just then the butler entered with the chamber candlesticks, to place upon a side table.

"Has Mr. Range returned, Josephs?" said Sir Harry.

The effect of that question was varied.

Judith turned, in spite of herself, to look eagerly at the butler; Lady Fanshaw's eyes dilated, and she gazed before her with a strange, stony stare; Carleigh turned upon her quickly, as if dreading a scene.

"No, Sir Hary, I think not," replied the butler, and he left the room, but only to return directly. "James says, Sir Harry, that Mr. Range told him to put his portmanteau in his room, and he thinks he heard him go up about a quarter of an hour ago. Shall I go and see, sir?"

"Oh, no! don't disturb him. Perhaps he does not mean to come down—packing. Never mind. That will do to-night. We'll close these windows," and the butler left the room.

"Range is a dunce," said Sir Robert to himself again, testily. "He has gone to bed sulky. And here's my darling miserable because he isn't here. She has done nothing but watch door and window, with her ears pricking at every sound like a cat."

He looked fondly across at his niece, and she smiled back, but with rather a sad look.

"Humph! What a dunce the fellow is! Don't deserve her, after all. Perhaps, though, it will be all right in the morning, and he won't go. Hope not, for her sake."

"I suppose it's bedtime, my dear," said Sir Harry, just then.

"Hold hard a minute!" exclaimed Sir Robert, bluffly; "you've had your Italian stuff, now it's my turn. Judy, my dear, give me my old favorite before we go. I'll give him one more chance," he said, to himself.

Judith rose and went once more to the piano, glad to turn her back to all, for there was a strange heart-sinking in her breast. For the last hour she had been owning to herself that if Arthur—she had mentally called him Arthur, and run over in her mind all that had taken place, her every word and look—cruel word and unkindly look at one who had shown himself so frank and true—that if Arthur would come to her again and ask her that particular question, telling her once more of how he loved, she would be obliged to lay her head gently down upon his shoulder and shed such tears of joy as she had never shed before.

She needed no notes, for this was an old, old song, that dimmed her eyes with tears, and as she struck the chords the broad round disc of the yellow moon was slowly rising above the trees, to shine right in at the open windows. Then her sweet, silvery voice rang out on the still night air in Barnett's never-wearying old ditty, and all the while she had to fight hard to keep down a sob as the words floated away like an invocation to bid the wanderer return; or if he would not, to help her seek him where he strayed.

"Rise gentle moon, and light me to my lover,"

sang poor Judith, with a plaintive ring that made Lady Fanshaw press her hand upon her heart.

The moon rose higher over the peaceful scene, and turned the pallor on Lady Fanshaw's cheeks to a more ghastly hue.

Higher still it rose, and looked down where the water plashed and trickled and gurgled, sending bright flashes here and there, glancing amidst the rocks and ferns, silvering branches, fronting leaves, and peering in and tracking and searching the scene of the night's struggle between two strong men. Here was made a broad patch there a black shadow, and always with the light streaming down to lay bare one particular spot that it took long to reach.

At last, slowly, and with the shadow gliding like the dark line on the dial, that black patch passed and glided by till the broad pale disc of the moon was gazing down full upon a dead man's face!

CHAPTER XX.

"GOOD-NIGHT, my own love!"

The words seemed to quiver in the air of the bedroom as if they had been spoken that moment, though it was nearly an hour before, and Sir Harry was lying by her side, breathing calmly in his restful sleep, while she was awake and staring, with her brain teeming with images of the scene in the wood that evening, her vivid imagination interpreting that which she had heard, and seeming to make it plain before her eyes, till, almost exactly as it had happened, the encounter had repeated itself, till it was burned, as it were, into her brain.

There was a shaded lamp in the bedroom that gave a fantastic, weird aspect to the rich furniture and hangings. There were strange shadows on the wall, but they had long ceased to be those of furniture; they were trees—dark, whispering trees. That was not Sir Harry's breathing; those were not her own panting sighs that escaped laboringly from the breast. Those were the hoarse breathings of contending men. That was the rippling gurgle of the water—that was the splash of the waterfall. Yes, that was the rippling stream.

There it all was again. Oh! if she could but sleep and forget, instead of this weary, weary, levered feeling burning into her brain.

But no, she was awake, fully awake, and she dared not stir; but how was it all to end? God forgive her! What should she do?

Yes, there it all was once more. In bitter agony, remorse, and shame, true wife still, she was thrusting her tempter from her when she saw that figure indistinctly in the wood. It was Arthur Range, she was sure. It must have been he.

"Look," she seemed to say again, "we are watched!"

Then Carleigh had sprung from her—she had seemed to sink back fainting; a mist had come over her, and then she was down upon her knees, with her face covered by her hands, which she had torn away that she might stare wild-eyed before her into the wood—seeing nothing, hearing all. And there it stood out clearly, as in a picture, now.

She closed her eyes so as not to see it, but there it was.

What did he say?

"Scoundrel, what are you doing here?"

And that mocking answer that rang in her ears, and would until she died—would it not be better that she died now, at once? That answer!—

"On sentry—guarding Sir Harry's wife!"

Then there was a silence, and in the darkness there were the two men face to face, and she crouched there afraid to move. Then there were words that she did not catch. Then fierce oaths, blows, the trampling of feet, and the crashing of twigs and boughs.

Then a cessation, and a hoarse voice said—

"Yes, every word! Sir Harry shall know it all!"

She had crouched down and listened to the rustling of bushes, and then there was a rush and a tremendous splash.

For the next minute, that seemed an age, the water appeared as if it was being beaten up into a foam, and then all was still.

The giddy feeling came back, and the mist floated before her eyes.

There was a blank just then, and she woke once more to the horrible silence, wanting to shriek out for help, but not daring to unclose her pinched-up lips—to get up and flee to the house and throw herself into her husband's arms, to escape from all these horrors, but seeming to be nailed, as it were, to the ground, forced to listen to the low, panting noise and the soft splash or two of water, followed by the rustling of the trees.

Then all at once Carleigh was before her, and his cold, wet hand had caught hers.

All this had come out of the past with terribly vivid force.

The rest was confused—a wild turmoil of thought and word. Only that scene was vivid—that scene in which she felt and knew the curse of Cain had come upon the head of the man in whose society, but a but short hours back, she felt she had enjoyed such pleasure.

Yes, she had been walking upon the brink of a gulf with no one to pluck her back, and now—would it not be better that she should die?

Again and again came those vivid incidents all through the night seeming burned in upon her brain, and once more Carleigh's words and her replies in a wild turmoil of confusion.

"Go back to the house—be calm"—what mockery! "Play—sing—anything, only be silent!"

Then her words in agony—

"What does it mean? Who was that?"

"A witness of our love, Alice."

Then again—

"What have you done?"

"Forced him to keep our secret."

And again—

"You have killed him!"

Yes; she had said that, and he had stood silent before her, a murderer—the slayer of that frank, handsome youth whom she knew that Judith loved.

She was his murderess too, and the life left to her would be one long agony of misery and remorse. Faithless? No, not faithless. She had not, even in thought, been untrue to him who was sleeping peacefully at her side. But how was she, bearing this hideous secret, to look him again in the face—him, so gentle, so chivalrous and true—the man whose eyes always gazed upon her with such loving reverence—whose every thought was for her happiness?—and in the dark watches of that fevered night she touched his cheek lightly as she moaned—

"Husband! Heaven knows I am not worthy of your love."

Then, again, the long-drawn agony as, in fevered vision, the scene in the wood went on and on, and words that had been hastily spoken came back.

"Go back to the drawing-room, I say. You must be calm. Be silent, I tell you. Remember there is a bond between us now stronger than your marriage vows."

Was it? she asked herself as she lay there. Should she not confess all? Yes. Better wake Sir Harry from his peaceful sleep and confess everything. It would be a relief. It would give her rest.

No, she dared not. She paused with her hand raised to awaken her husband—for the consequence came with stinging violence upon her brain.

He loved her so tenderly, a love which she had been ready to cast away. And he loved Carleigh like a son. He had seen them together, and in his noble, trusting faith they had been as brother and sister in his eyes.

Suppose she woke him—her husband—there in the darkness of the blackest of black nights, and told him all—all: that she had really been playing him false; that Carleigh, the man he had cared for since a boy, had plotted his disgrace—his dishonor, and in his efforts to compass his designs and hide the knowledge of his baseness from the world was a cruel murderer.

"Carleigh is right," she said, in a hoarse whisper—"it would kill him."

Six hours before, though a wife, Alice Fanshaw's heart and disposition had been those of a high-spirited girl. Now, as she lay there, she knew that she was a woman torn by agony and remorse, and at last, in her anguish and despair, she muttered—

"Will it never be again?"

Never, she felt, as she lay with parched lips. The day would come to others, but to her it would always be black night, this passing night of horror.

Night of horror to her; but she did not know all that had passed, as, with a sigh of relief, followed by one of despair, she saw the first faint rays of the dawn begin to make their way through the closely drawn blinds.

CHAPTER XXI.

"GOOD-NIGHT—GOOD-MORNING!"

THERE was something very gentle, almost womanly, in the actions of Sir Harry Fanshaw. "Life is short," he used to say to himself. "A soldier may be cut down at any moment: the present night may be his last;" and so day by day he had lived ready for the inevitable.

The habit grew and continued. His days of warfare were past; but in his peaceful home it was the same, and the "good-night" at Helmthorpe Priory was almost pathetic in its bidding.

In his quiet, affectionate way Sir Harry made a business of lighting the candles one by one, and handing them to his guests in quite a courtly manner.

Poor Judith was the first honored, and, as she received the candlestick, she raised her little ruddy lips to be kissed all round, and then hurried out of the room, so that the tears that were gathering fast should not be seen.

"Good-night, my dear boy, good-night," was the parting with George Carleigh, accompanied by an affectionate pressure of the hand and a fatherly look.

Then came Lady Fanshaw's turn, after the "good-night" to Sir Robert.

To her he did not say the customary words, but walked with her to the door, holding it open that she might pass out, and then, with a loving smile upon his lip, it was "Au revoir."

The staircase was dark at that time of the night, and hence it was that Carleigh at one side of the gallery did not see Judith at the other side, where she lingered, hoping to catch one glimpse of the visitor, as it was his last night at Helmthorpe.

Carleigh was waiting at the head of the stairs, his light extinguished, and Judith was ignorant of his proximity as she saw Lady Fanshaw come up slowly with the same fixed look upon her face that she had seen once before. The light shone up full upon her features, which were those of one in a dream.

"She must be ill," thought Judith; and with a girl's ready sympathy she took a step forward to meet her.

"It's like Lady Macbeth," thought Judith. "What can be wrong?"

She stopped short, for the light of the candle Lady Fanshaw carried mildly illumined Carleigh's face, where he stood with one hand resting upon the broad oaken balustrade.

Slowly up, higher and higher, with the same fixed look in her eyes; and Judith paused an unwilling spectator, hardly daring to breathe.

It was evident that, though Carleigh's features gradually grew plainer as Lady Fanshaw advanced she was not aware of his presence till they were close together, and he touched her arm, the ring he wore flashing as Judith stood and watched the meeting.

"Bravely done," he whispered; "trust in me, and all will be well."

Judith could not hear the words, but she could see the look of repugnance and horror that flashed across her cousin's face, and the sense of misery that had been creeping to her heart was driven back by one strong throb of joy.

It was a matter of moments; Lady Fanshaw had started as if with horror at Carleigh's presence, shuddered at his words, and quickly gained her room.

Judith felt as if chained to the spot: she could not, she dared not, move, but stood pressing herself against the wainscot as the light died away; and then another flashed up from below as the drawing-room door opened, and the brothers came into the great dark hall.

There was a faint hiss, as of a painfully-drawn breath, a light step, and Judith heard a door close, while the sense of joy she felt placed her own trouble for the moment in the background.

"I am glad," she said to herself. "Yes, that is all over now; and, oh! if it would please Heaven to have a good war, and send George's regiment to the other side of the world, how happy I should be!"

Her cousin's and her uncle's rooms were in another direction, and a fancy that she might learn something more about Range kept her lingering still with one hand upon her door, through which, now that she had gained it, she could glide like a timid rabbit into its hole.

The grey-haired brothers came slowly up the broad staircase, each with his silver candlestick in hand, chatting pleasantly about something of the past; and a smile played upon Judith's lips as she felt a kind of pride in the fine old soldierly figures before her.

It was a picture full of varying lights and shades, and as she gazed Judith forgot all about the possibility of her being seen.

All at once her heart began to beat fast, for the brothers paused at the head of the stairs before separating, and Judith caught the word—Range.

"I'll see if he's all right, and say good-night?"

It was Sir Harry who spoke, and going up to the polished oak door next to Carleigh's, he tapped gently with his knuckles, and Judith could see the blurred reflection of his grey head in the glistening panel.

"Range! Are you all right?"

There was no answer.

"Range!" he said, tapping again. "Good-night!"

Still there was no reply, and Judith's heart beat faster still with a peculiar sense of trouble impending.

"Range," said Sir Harry again, and then, after glancing at his brother, who stood there silently, he softly turned the handle and pressed the door.

Judith's agitation was now painful in the extreme.

Was there anything wrong? Or had Range gone away—declining to face her again?

The door yielded, and Sir Harry stood on the mat listening.

"Range, my dear fellow!" he said, "Range!"

There was no response, but Sir Harry's face was crossed by a smile.

"He sleeps just about as soundly as a fellow after a forced march, look. Can you hear his breathing?"

"Yes; he's a pretty sound, said Sir Robert; "don't wake him."

"Not I," was the reply, as Sir Harry softly closed the door, and stepped for a few minutes talking. Then the brothers parted, their separate doors closed, and Judith glided in and shut her own.

Then, with faltering, dragging step, she crossed to her bedside, dropped upon her knees, and began to sob.

"He doesn't know—he doesn't know, and I could not tell him now!" she sobbed. "I do love him—I do love him—so—so much, and yet—he could—could go to his own room and—and sleep like that! Oh, it is very cruel of him, and he will break my heart!"

Poor Judith was slightly inconsistent. In her bitter misery and trouble it did not occur to her that she had laughingly declined Arthur Range's advances, and let him go from her side in despair, to hurry away where he could be alone and try to recover his balance.

"He ought to have known—he ought to have persevered. He ought to have had more firmness and daring.

"Disparaging himself like that," she sobbed, "when he's so handsome and manly and natural. I do love him with all my heart; and he might have seen it instead of calling himself names, and looking down upon himself because he is an artificial, butterfly man of the world.

"And what am I? I declare, poor fellow, he has looked at me as if I were something too holy to be touched."

Judith ceased crying at this, and raising her face, a happy smile came upon it, lighting up her eyes and showing her white teeth.

"It is nice to be looked upon like that," she said, softly. "He does love me, and he will not go. He'll try again."

Rising from her knees she went to the glass and let fall her glorious fair hair, when a sudden thought assailed her—

"Suppose he started to catch the first train."

The thought was terrible.

"I was too coquettish to-day," she said. "I did not mean to be. I did not know all he felt towards me—all I felt towards him. He will never know the reason. It might be by accident," and, hurriedly re-arranging her hair, Judith changed her evening costume for a light, country, morning dress, put on stout garden boots, placed her hat ready, and then, after lighting a candle and setting it on a little table, she took up a book and sat down to read and wait for morning.

For Judith's plans were simple as they were earnest. They were these:

"If I go to bed," she said to herself, "I shall sleep soundly till my usual time, for I feel happier now.

"If I sleep till my usual time, I may go down and find him gone.

"I'll sit up and read all night, and be down at six o'clock, gardening. There will not be anything strange in that.

"But I shall look white and dreadfully red-eyed," she cried, in dismay.

Then she closed her eyes, and a pleasant little satisfied laugh make her look more attractive than ever.

"Arthur won't mind," she said, softly; and then she sat back and began to read, but something appeared as if written between the lines—quite another love-story to the one that sat down to peruse.

It was the story of her own love, and it was so real that it was a hundred times more attractive to read than that of the fictitious personages which the novelist had set out to tell.

Such a sunshiny story, this real one! The troubles were all past, and the fine young hero would perhaps take her to the Far West on a visit now and then, with Uncle Rob for their companion: but his home would be somewhere that his young wife would choose in bonnie old Yorkshire, among the hills and streams that run on and on till they reach the busy hives of industry, where men toil and slave and conquer, and send their victories the wide world round.

It was not a long story, and its end was all in the clouds every cloud having, not only a silver lining, but great, grand, ornamental claspings and purflings and rolls; but it was strangely interesting, moving its reader to smiles and then to tears, and again to little happy, joyous laughs, with pressings together of two little white hands.

So entertaining was it that, when the clouds and sunshine of the future were reached, it had to be given up and read all over again and again, generally with the reader's eyes shut.

Judith was in one of the most interesting parts of this story of a sweet, pure maiden's pure love when she started up and listened.

What was that?

She could not answer the question. She only knew that she had heard a strange noise as if some lath or piece of wood had snapped in twain, and it was out of doors, she felt sure.

For a few moments she turned cold, and thoughts of burglars assailed her; but not another sound fell upon her ear, and once more she sank back to resume her reading, but only to fall to perusing that same love-tale between the lines.

And so the night wore on—a night of watching for the morning, but not in misery or pain.

"He is sleeping soundly, perhaps, but he is dreaming of me," said Judith. "Perhaps he is wakeful too.

"I wonder," she said, after a pause, "whether there is anything in what people say of one mind influencing another. Shall I try?"

She sat erect, half smiling at the ideas that thronged her mind, but sank back directly with a little laugh.

"No," she said, softly, "there is no need."

Once or twice she drew aside the blind.

The first time it was to see the moon, in all her majesty, lighting up the garden and the woods beyond.

The next time there was a pale, soft light stealing up in the east, and soon after there was the twitter of a bird; then the sharp alarm note of the blackbird; and as the sky grew overcast the rain streamed down.

"Will it never leave off?" said Judith, impatiently, as she sat at the open window drinking in the soft, moist morning air. "I can't go down till it stops raining."

It was only five, but there was a figure crossing the grounds down by the woodland path, and she recognized the brown velveteen of Burton, the keeper, while had she been in doubt, there was the long-haired dog, Bess, his constant companion.

The rain ceased at last, and there was a musical, rasping sound of one of the gardeners whetting a scythe, and shortly after came the soft rattle of a mowing machine, where another of the men was busy on the lawn, and she heard a voice shout:

"Who was it that left the tool-house door open?"

"At last," said Judith, tying on her hat and descending. "I don't feel as if I had been awake all night. I wonder whether he is astir?"

Five minutes later she was out in the garden—a very paradise to her in the flush of her love and hope—busy with scissors and basket about the flower-beds and stands by the hall door—a spot that had a strange attraction for Judith Nesbitt that lovely August morning; eight was struck by the clock above the stables, and then came nine with the breakfast gong.

Arthur Range had not come down, and with a look of vexation about her brow, Judith sighed and entered the long, low, room, where the simple morning meal was spread.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE FOUND HIM OUT.—A lady once called upon a celebrated foreign oculist, in order to consult him about her eyes, complaining that the power of vision had of late considerably diminished.

At a glance the doctor saw that she was a lady of rank and wealth. He looked at her eyes, shook his head, and thought the treatment would require much time, as there were reasons to fear amaurosis in her case.

He must advise her, first of all, as she had informed him that she was residing at a considerable distance in the country, to move into the city at once, and thus enable him to see her frequently—if possible, daily. The lady accordingly rented an elegant mansion, and moved into the city, the physician, on his part, becoming exceedingly punctual in his attendance.

He prescribed this and that, and thus days ran into weeks, and finally weeks into months. The cure, however, was still coming. The physician tried in vain to console his patient.

One day she hit upon a curious scheme, and did not wait long to carry it out.

She procured for herself a very old and poor attire, put a hood of tremendous size upon her head, and took an old umbrella and a market basket in her hand. In these habiliments she visited her physician, selecting for the purpose a rainy day. She had so well succeeded in disguising herself that the eyes even of a lover could scarcely have recognized her.

She was obliged to wait on this occasion a long time in the ante-room of the physician with many others, who like her, were seeking relief. At last her turn came.

"Well, my good woman, what have you to complain of?"

"Very weak eyes, doctor," she answered.

He took her to the light, and looked into her eyes, but failed to recognise his patient. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, somewhat curtly—

"Your eyes are all right."

"What?" said she, in astonishment.

"Yes, I know what I am saying. Your eyes are perfectly right!"

"But I have been told that I was getting a—— I forget how it is called."

"Amaurosis?"

"Yes, that is it, doctor."

"Don't you believe any such nonsense. Your eyes are a little weak, but that is all. Your doctor must be an idiot!"

"An——"

"Yes, an idiot. Tell him boldly to his face that I said so."

The lady now rose, and, in her customary voice said—

"You are my doctor; how can I tell you such a thing? Don't you know me?"

The face that the sage counsellor made on recognising his patient was simply indescribable.

"Gracious, madam!" he commenced; but the lady would not listen to any apologies, and left him indignantly.

WATER AS FOOD.—The amount of water in food is very large. A beef steak contains 75 per cent. of water. In buying a pound, only one-fourth of that pound is dry solid meat. Cabbages contain 85 to 90 per cent. of their weight of water, and succulent fruits sometimes more than ninety per cent. Of substances most commonly eaten, rusks or biscuits are the driest, and water-melons the most watery of foods. When water is taken into the system it assists without doubt in the building up of new tissues, and in the repair of the old. According to this view it is not merely a diluent of fluids, it does not simply play an inactive part like a lubricant of machinery, but is in the truest sense a food.

There are plenty of experiments—both involuntary experiments, as among shipwrecked people, and experiments made for the purpose—showing that so long as water is taken, the deprivation of all other food can be supported for a very long time.

THE United States used 1,100,000 tons of sugar during the year 1884.

ON THE COAST.

BY CHARLES H. BARSTOW.

A lonely strip of coast where golden sands
Stretch dreamily into the far-off blue;
A drowsy wind, the breath of southern lands,
And seas of opal hue.

A glorious, wide expanse of heaven o'erhead,
Whose tender blue is flecked with clouds of light;
A fleet of boats, with dusky sails outspread,
Fast dropping out of sight.

Tall, bootling cliffs that purple shadows throw
Athwart still pools where ocean treasures hide;
Low undertones—which ever clearer grow—
From the in-coming tide.

A perfect peace! Here never comes the strife
That ever waits upon the race for gold;
Here is still grooves goes on the march of life,
With simple joys untold.

Here sweet desire would have me always stay—
Far from the city's toil, its passions strong—
And in contentment live through life's brief day,
Unto its evensong.

But Duty, ever jealous, cries "Not yet!
Thou must go forth, and earn with labor's sweat,
The wishes of thy heart."

And so, at Duty's call, do I depart,
And leave these joys regretfully behind;
But as a vision bright, within my heart,
Their beauty is enshrined.

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

HOW different it all seemed from the quiet parsonage in England! This was what Lucy Hennilker was thinking as she sat in a huge rocking-chair in the spacious drawing-room of her brother's bungalow three weeks after her arrival in India. She had been receiving visitors all the morning, had spent the afternoon at a gay croquet party, and was presently going out to dinner—she, Lucy Hennilker, who had hitherto lived the nineteen years of her life in her father's parish, a remote corner of England, with a boorish agricultural population, where there was no society whatever for her and her sisters. No wonder she was shy and sometimes a little awkward, mistrustful of herself, and nervous where points of etiquette were concerned.

Yes, it was very different from that poor over-crowded little home, where the duties of the day consisted in mending and darning, in looking after the younger children, or assisting the untrained servants in their household work. Here her life was made up of gaiety and pleasure. Why had not Henry asked Nita to come to India instead of her—her sister Nita, who was so much smarter and better fitted by disposition for society than herself? But here she was keeping house for the chum of her childhood, as in their young days he always promised she should do; and poor Nita, with all her cleverness and ambition, must fight her way as a governess at home.

"O Missie Baba," said a small imperative voice, speaking in Hindustani, "it has gone seven o'clock! are you not going to dress? The buggy is ordered. All is ready. I am waiting."

"Ayah!" exclaimed Lucy, looking up, startled at a dusk little woman gracefully robed in flowing draperies of spotless white who stood admonishingly shaking a brown arm, on which countless bangles jingled, while with the other she held aloft the heavy purdah that draped the entrance to Miss Hennilker's bedroom.

"Yes, I will come;" and Lucy rose resignedly to submit to the unaccustomed ceremony of dressing for dinner.

Presently small cries of distress issued from her room, and Henry, whose toilet never occupied long, came striding to the door, asking what was the matter.

"My dress—it has down the back, and the ayah can't, or won't, do it evenly. She is driving me quite crazy with her stupidity. I shall never be ready in time," was Lucy's despairing answer. Whereupon Henry enters.

"What absurd dresses you wear!" he exclaimed half irritably, after an amusingly labored investigation. "Do you suppose any other lady will have on a thing like this? You should have your finery made sensibly."

"O you ignorant fellow! What has sense to do with it? It is the height of the fashion, which is much more to the purpose; made for me, too, you sceptic, by Mrs. Meredith's own dress. Shall I tell you a secret? I actually came here without a single proper evening-dress, and your friend took compassion on me, and had this white muslin made to her own liking. Is it not pretty?" continued Lucy, standing before her brother, who had patiently completed his unusual task, and was scanning her with rather a dissatisfied glance.

"You will pass, I suppose; but—ladies wear things in their hair?" he remarked, in a tone of inquiry.

"Things! What things?"

"Flowers, tinsel, and such stuff."

"Ah, beauty unadorned is adorned the most!" said Lucy, who could be very sprightly with this dear old brother, whom she loved. "But here is a "thing" to please you;" and with a light touch she stuck a white rose among her shining plaits.

"All in white. Hum! Can't you change that flower for another?"

"No, Hal; it must do. I have no other."

"Well, well—wrap up! We had better be going."

"Who do you think will take me in to dinner?" asked Lucy as she stooped to let the ayah put on a Rampur shawl, the recent gift of her brother. "The Judge won't, will he?"

"The Judge, my dear girl! certainly not! The Judge will take in the most important married lady, of course."

"O, I do hope it won't be that fat Colonel Pettyman with the imbecile chuckle!"

"The Colonel! why, what are you thinking of? If he should be there he will take in Mrs. Meredith. You need not fear that the Colonel will be assigned to you."

"Well, somebody must take me in," said Lucy, in a slight tone of pique.

"Raeburn, perhaps. He only ranks as a major."

"I should not mind him; he is homely and nice."

"Or more likely Danvers; I know he is dining with the Mereditths to-night. Raeburn is pretty safe to take in a married lady."

"I hope it will not be Captain Danvers!" cried Lucy, flushing crimson. "I am so afraid of him."

"I see no reason," said her brother shortly. "I have noticed he is always friendly and polite to you."

"Yes, but he has such an air, and a proud cold way of saying things; then—then he knows so well how poor—how poor we are at home," said Lucy, with a little sob in her voice.

"That can make no difference to a man like Danvers," answered Henry, his rather grim mouth looking grimmer than its wont. "There is nothing of the snob about him. Proud he may be, but he is a thorough gentleman."

"I never can speak a word to him—I am so afraid. In our country I should have had no chance of meeting him in this way, and I keep remembering that."

"Pooh! what silly fancies! He comes of what is called an old family: we don't. What of that? My rank out here is as good as his."

"But he does look grand. If Mrs. Meredith asks him to take me in he will think it a dreadful, dreadful bore:" and Lucy stepped into the buggy quite in a state of trepidation.

It was reassuring to reflect as they drove along that, notwithstanding her nervous alarms, every one would certainly be very kind. She was unreasonable to be afraid even of Captain Danvers, for he, equally with the rest, appeared anxious to make her happy and at ease. Such kindness as she had met with since her arrival at this station in the North-West she had never dreamed of receiving from strangers. Mrs. Meredith, the Judge's wife, at whose house they were going to dine to-night, showed the most affectionate interest in her, and the other ladies, as a matter of course, followed the great lady's lead. The gentlemen, in their own way, were quite as kind if only she could have felt less afraid of them—less ill at ease in their presence. How she wished this dinner-party were over, or that she were back in the little parlor at home, safe from the dread of a conversation with Captain Danvers!

Safe enough there, indeed.

Eleven miles from the humble parsonage where she was born and brought up, on the confines of the county, stood a great house known far and wide as Danvers Hall. Lucy, from her earliest childhood, had been accustomed to identify "The Hall" with everything that was aristocratic, and splendid, and unapproachable. To be sure, her father, being clergyman of the parish, knew Mr. Danvers and his wife, Lady Julia, and both he and her mother sometimes dined at the Hall. Lucy had even seen the Squire and his lady several times in her father's church, though the occasions of their coming were few and far between: the attractions of a cathedral town on the other side of the Danvers estates naturally being more to the taste of such high folks than the inconveniently-distant old-fashioned parish church. So Lucy and her sisters had grown up in awe of the Hall, and learned to appreciate, with due humility, the immeasurable distance in the social scale between themselves and its high-born occupants. Lady Julia all the same, being a conscientious woman, alive to the duties of her position, would have been very pleased to have drawn the Hennikers, to a certain extent, within the circle of her stately social influence, had she not known that their poverty was too great to make it any kindness to notice them further than by those unavoidable dinners to the elders which have already been alluded to. Lucy was not, of course, in Lady Julia's confidence, and never dreamed that if her father had been blessed with a few hundreds a year more than the pittance on which he contrived to live, she might occasionally have had the privilege of mixing in county society. As things were, poor child, she would very likely have grown gray without exchanging a word on anything like terms of social equality with such folks as the Danvers, had not her brother Henry worked heroically, and passed the Civil Service examinations, thereby admitting the first ray of hope into his parents' over-burdened existences. The next ray had come when he sent for Lucy, and saved their most sensitive child from the drudgery of governessing. And now a little cloud had arisen in Lucy's new life, which was so full of ease and unaccustomed pleasure, when she found that the Captain Danvers, who had paid her an early and friendly visit, was a younger son of Danvers of Danvers Hall. She had anxiously tried to shake off the depressing remembrance of the cramped ways of home, and show herself, so to speak, "to the manner born," for Hal's sake. Now here was Captain Danvers to remind her by his presence of humiliations which she wished to forget; to relate, if he chose, what she fain would have concealed; and to sneer even if it so pleased him. It was all very silly, of course, and not the least justified by what had actually occurred.

Every one could undoubtedly see that she was quite unaccustomed to society, but no one appeared to like her the less for that. Certainly, Captain Danvers had noticed her more than any one expected him to do, considering the little interest he had shown in Mrs. Meredith's pretty nieces before they married. That very evening, the Judge's wife had driven her home from a croquet and observed, when they met Captain Danvers slowly riding alone, how, as he raised his hat, he had flashed a keen look at Lucy.

"I believe he admires you, my dear," said Mrs. Meredith, who was not always judicious in such matters; and Lucy had cried in direst dismay—

"O no, no!" at which the kind chaperon laughed heartily, and was highly amused.

For the present, our young lady has forgotten her troubles in contemplation of the night. Nature in this new country has the interest of change for her as well as society. The air is laden with rich unfamiliar scents and the moon in full splendor has just risen, transforming into ethereal beauty the withered grass and dust-laden trees. Softly gleaming close by, the sacred Ganges upturns her wide expanse of waters to the silvery light, as if inviting the way-worn devotee to endless rest in those gliding depths. The stillness is broken from time to time by the low tinkle of a bell from the temple by the margin of the river, announcing the performance of mysterious rites; while the unmusical, yet social, sound of the tom-tom from the village occasionally bursts forth, mingled with the weird yells of jackals.

But they are whirling past the kutcherry, where the red-turbaned sepoy on guard salutes them, and here is the sharp corner of the compound-gate which leads to the Judge's bungalow, and the dreaded ordeal has to be faced.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. MEREDITH, who was one of the kindest, though not always the wisest of women, came forward with considerate warmth to greet the diffident girl as she entered the drawing-room.

"Are you tired after our long drive together, and the trying heat of the day?" she said, with a cordial pressure of the hand. "I have some news to interest you that Major Pemberton has been telling me: but you had better hear about it from himself."

Then she turned away to welcome fresh arrivals, leaving Lucy beside the cantonment magistrate, a good-humored soldier-like man with a huge red moustache.

"I am afraid Mrs. Meredith has raised your expectations too high," said Major Pemberton, amused at Lucy's bashful entry, and the half-frightened look she was bestowing on himself. "My news is nothing more, after all, than that we are going to have a visitor at Gurmabad. What do you think? For one whole day, at least, you will not be the only young lady in the station! To-morrow you must be content to divide your empire with the sister of a friend of mine from Simoo, who is on her way to the hills."

"The little miss has it all her own way just now. I wonder how she will relish the prospect of a rival in the field," thought Pemberton a little maliciously. His opinion of women was not high, and it would have amused him to see traces of what he called the usual feminine jealousy in Lucy's guileless face; in which, however, to the disadvantage of his suspicions, he could discover not even the shadow of such a feeling.

"I hear Miss Daly has been making great havoc at Simoo. The on dit is that Riley gave the doctor sahib's chuprassie twenty rupees for the privileges of sleeping, in his stead, on the mat outside her door," said Mr. Raeburn, the joint magistrate, who had been turning over the leaves of an album near, and now joined in the conversation.

"Only twenty!" echoed Pemberton, sticking an eyeglass in his eye, and glaring with an air of mock astonishment at the civilian. "I thought Riley could do the thing handsomer than that."

"Perhaps he is one of those rare men who can be prudent in love as well as in colder transactions. What do you say, Miss Hennilker? do you think it is possible for any man to keep his wits when his heart is stolen?"

Poor Lucy! This appeal, accompanied as it was by a somewhat sentimental glance from a pair of pleasant black eyes, overwhelmed her with confusion. She grew red and nervous, wondered what she ought to say, and, having no answer ready that pleased her, inwardly called herself a simpleton and a goose. How silly she must have looked, turning all colors of the rainbow! What must Mr. Raeburn think of her ridiculous confusion over nothing?

Fortunately, Major Pemberton cut short what might have been an awkward silence by saying, with a knowing wag of his head, "Ah, he is a seasoned card, old Riley. There is not much danger of his sleep being disturbed, whether he lies on a door-mat or in his bed."

"They say he is really caught this time."

"Not he. That has been said of each of his flirtations before. I should like to see the girl who had floored him at last."

"So should I; and if Miss Daly has done it, there must be something more in her than meets the eye, from what I hear."

"Hear! What have you heard? Who has been telling you all this gossip about Kate Bishop's sister? Not a word of it has reached me," said Pemberton, in an injured tone.

"O, Danvers has been over at Simoo for a couple of days' pig-sticking. I rode home with him from the club this evening, and he gave me the "gup."

"Danvers! Has he seen her? Does he say she is good-looking? Danvers ought to be a judge."

"What of Danvers?" said a voice behind them; and a handsome young man, with a somewhat grave cast of face, came quietly forward, and, without waiting for an answer, held out his arm to Lucy, saying, with a smile, as she shrank in sudden alarm away, "Mrs. Meredith has asked me to take you in to dinner. May I?"

"O yes, of course, certainly," stammered Lucy, her color showing its contrasts even more vividly than in Raeburn's case, while she almost quailed with shame. It was quite her truly miserable to be deserted at that moment by her self-possession, to feel aware that she had displayed uncalled-for embarrassment, and responded to a simple question with about as much coherence as might be expected of a lunatic. Was it not bad enough he should know of her poor past, but she must add to his natural contempt of her by showing herself incapable of behaving with ordinary propriety in his presence? Yet—and for this her gratitude was deep—his manner showed not the faintest symptom of having noticed any peculiarity in hers. As they passed into the drawing-room he asked gently, "What do you think of India, Miss Hennilker? is it is fair to ask after so short an acquaintance with the country. I am anxious to hear how it has impressed you."

There was something in his voice all at once which had a soothing effect on Lucy's nerves. Was it simply that being kind he tried to set her at ease, seeing she was nervous among so many people? She looked up at him in answer to his question inquiringly, as a little child might look with eager wistful blue eyes, that said very plainly, "Do you really care to know, or are you only making talk because they have thrust my society upon you?"

And Danvers met her gaze with a quiet reassuring expression, that had something half tender in its comprehension of her mistrust. Somehow from that moment her dread of him vanished—though embarrassment in his presence afflicted her for many a day still. The long dinner, which had seemed such an ordeal before they sat down, became unaccountably delightful. The difficulty of conversation, of assuming things and ways to be familiar to which she was entirely unaccustomed, the dread of being addressed by any one at a distant part of the table, and having the entire company staring at her while she stammered out an answer, all vanished in the ease and charm of his presence. His friendly tones made her strong, and his delicate perception saved her from every embarrassment. Lucy felt safe and sheltered beside him, and she was disconcerted more than once by the intrusive thought that it would be delightful to have him always near.

"Don't tell me again that you are afraid of Captain Danvers," whispered Mrs. Meredith, as she and Lucy brought up the rear of the bevy of ladies filing out of the dining-room. "You and he got on splendidly at dinner. I never saw him take to any young lady so much before. Was I wrong to send you in with him, or would you have preferred Raeburn?"

"O, don't dear Mrs. Meredith," said Lucy entreatingly, while a sudden inward pang from some inexplicable source drove her consciousness to the verge of a disquieting discovery. What, indeed, more natural than that Danvers's gracious manners (he was not really cold and proud) and beauty of person were having their effect on the hitherto unappreciated loving-hearted girl.

Mrs. Meredith pinched her arm affectionately, as they stood for a moment together in the drawing-room apart from the other ladies. "Tell me now, dear Miss Hennilker, what pattern you are going to wear at this luncheon-party to-morrow? We must all take pains to look our best, and not let this fascinating Miss Daly quite cut us out."

Lucy muttered something about a white cambric, which met with disapproving shakes of the head.

"No; it must be the muslin with the brown rosebuds; that is the only fashionably-made morning-dress I have seen you wear."

Lucy blushed. She remembered having committed the solecism of appearing in this dress on the first occasion of her dining at the Judge's, a week after her arrival, which prompted Mrs. Meredith to the kindness of taking her in hand at once, and duly instructing her in the mysteries of morning and evening toilette.

"Major Pemberton spoke of going on the river afterwards," said Lucy apologetically. "I thought in that case I had better wear the cambric; it would matter less if I spoiled it."

"You careful little missie! no; simplicity was very well in your rural parsonage, but in India we require style. Ah, here come the gentlemen to put an end to our *tete-a-tete*."

"We are going to have some music, are we not?" said Danvers, a few minutes after, as he stood talking to Mrs. Meredith; "I always expect that when I come here."

"Well, I like to sing to you," said the affable hostess; "you listen."

"And enjoy."

"Yes. I give you credit for that, too. What am I to sing?"

"An English ballad, if I may choose."

"You may not choose that one," said Mrs. Meredith, with a little smile of enjoyment. "I look upon it as Miss Henniker's song now."

"Does she sing?" asked Danvers, in a tone of marked surprise.

"She does indeed. Her voice was beautiful."

"Will she sing to us to-night?"

"Ah, I cannot promise that. She is very shy, as you see, and persists in hiding all her charming qualities from society."

"Not all," was Captain Danvers's answer in a low voice, as he glanced in the unconscious Lucy's direction. Almost angelic she looked at that moment, in her fair girlish beauty and pure white dress, unrelieved by the smallest touch of color. "Much for which we ought to be grateful she cannot hide."

"You appreciate her?" said Mrs. Meredith, in a significant tone.

"Every one must," he said smiling, but with that careless accent which is generally taken as an indication that a subject has lost its interest.

When Mrs. Meredith sat down to the piano, and Captain Danvers placed himself beside her to turn over the leaves, Lucy, to whom music was irresistible, took courage to draw near. She found a partially sheltered corner behind a table, on which stood a large well-filled flower-vase, and here sat down, confidently thinking that no one would notice the movements of so unimportant a person as herself. Poor simple Lucy.

Danvers's fine eyes duly noted her vicinity, and were not debarred even from watching the varying expressions of her face by the screen of leaves, which had given her shyness such satisfaction. She was suddenly undeceived as to the security of her retreat when the music, which had dulled her perception of outward things, ceased, and she looked up startled to find Captain Danvers standing beside her.

"Miss Henniker, will you sing?" he asked, with a quiet persuasive friendliness which was irresistibly attractive in one who had, until this evening, impressed her as being too proud and high for such amenities towards a humble little girl like herself. "Mrs. Meredith tells me you are very musical."

"I? O, no; it is—it is a mistake. I play a very little, that is all; and—and sing to myself sometimes."

"To yourself!" repeated Danvers, smiling; "why not to others too? It is something to give pleasure to others, is it not?"

"Yes."

"But you do not care to sing at a promiscuous party like this, where probably half the people are indifferent to music," said Danvers in sympathetic tones, anxious to set Lucy at ease with him; "I should not myself, if I sang. But may I ask you some morning when you are at leisure to sing to me? May I come some morning for a little music, Miss Henniker?"

He looked at her so softly as he said these words that Lucy felt—ah, she did not know what she felt; but her face crimsoned, and neither words of acquiescence nor denial had power to pass her lips.

"'Pon my wrod, look at Danvers!" said Major Pemberton to Raeburn in an aside; "he is getting quite sentimental over the little minxie. Never thought that sort of thing was much in his line. And the little missie, too! Why, she can't say "bo" to a goose."

"None the worse for that," said Raeburn rather dryly. "I for one don't admire the opposite type of young lady;" and he sauntered across the room, to the annoyance of Danvers, who had no mind to have his conversation interrupted, especially by the jovial-looking black-eyed Raeburn.

"The deuce!" muttered Pemberton sotto voce. "I will go over there too, since the little missie is quite the rage."

Mrs. Meredith smiled with much contented amusement when she saw her shy favorite Lucy in the midst of a group of men, of which the two best matches in the station, Danvers and Raeburn, were foremost figures—Raeburn, the clever rising civilian, and Danvers, with his blue blood, abundant means, and distinguished person. At the same time, woman-like, she could not refrain from a little mortification at the recollection that her own pretty accomplished nieces, whose manners had been formed in the best society, and whose connections were altogether unexceptionable, had met with comparative indifference from both these extremely eligible young men. Mrs. Meredith, however, was far from grudging Lucy her success. On the contrary, it delighted her; for she liked the girl thoroughly, sympathised with her difficulties, and believed in the possibilities of her character.

Lucy returned home in a very different mood from that in which she set out. Notwithstanding her nervous fears and afflictions, she had had a delightful evening. After saying good-night to her brother, she went out into the verandah, which just then was exquisitely lighted by lovely bars of moonlight, full of sweet happy thoughts, and foremost in those thoughts—absorbing indeed every other thought—was Danvers: no longer dreaded as proud and contemptuous—no longer dreaded, but adored.

CHAPTER III.

IN a small dressing-room in Major Pemberton's bungalow about an hour after noon on the day following the dinner-party at the Judge's, in attitudes and attire that sufficiently indicated the height of the thermometer, were two ladies. One of these, a stout handsome woman of five-and-thirty, lay stretched on the Indian matting which covered the floor, her outstretched arms bare, her hair unbound, and her moist face wearing an aggrieved look of endurance. Close by squatted an ayah, holding a huge reed fan, which she waved slowly over her as a supplement to the punkah that flapped jerkily above. The other lady was quite young, and, though of features far less regular than her companion, had a noticeable face. It was not pretty, but singularly attractive—a face indicative of power, of wilfulness, of charm. There was something in the droop of her half-closed lids, in the pouting sensuous mouth, in the scornful tip of her delicate *retrousse* nose, that bespoke a more dangerous power of fascination than any mere beauty of form or color could have given her.

At this moment, as she lay robed in a loose white dressing-gown on a wicker couch placed immediately under the punkah, her brow was puckered pettishly and her slender fingers beat a rather merciless tattoo on the head of a small poodle which lay panting in her lap.

"O, for a breath of air!" she sighed; "the heat in the Mofussil is truly infernal!"

"Don't think about it; get up and dress. There are no end of people coming to tiffin," answered the lady on the floor, raising herself on her elbow with a lazy groan.

"Glad to hear; I shall be the less missed."

"What do you say that for? Surely you do not mean to tell me you are not coming out?"

"That is just what I do mean to tell you," replied the young lady, with exasperating indifference.

"If you persist in this whim, Major Pemberton will have reason to be offended. Whom do you suppose he has invited half the station to meet?" retorted the other, rising to her feet, and beginning to dress with indignant energy in spite of the heat.

"His old lady-love, Kate Bishop, of course."

"You know very well—Miss Daly's fame has gone before her."

The faintest suspicion of a blush, a mere reflection of pink, overspread the creamy fairness of the young lady's cheek.

"What do you suppose they say of me—that I am fast? Ugh! that ugly word!"

"Very likely."

"Nothing more amusing than that? Pray tell them of Brown, Jones and Robinson, else they will hardly feel a proper regret if they are defrauded of the pleasure of my acquaintance."

"Joking apart, Marguerite, they are all dying to see you, both men and women; and you will sour Major Pemberton for weeks if you deprive him of the pride of exhibiting you."

"Good heavens! do you suppose I am going to allow myself to be trotted out like a wild beast before a lot of gossiping women and rude staring men? Not I! I shall stay here; it is the most rational thing to do after travelling all night. Besides, who is there in the station worth knowing or seeing?"

"There is Mr. Raeburn, the joint magistrate, one of the cleverest men in the Civil Service. He is sure to rise high, is good-looking, and just the sort of man you ought to marry."

"Ah, what would Major Riley say to that?" and Miss Daly stretched herself more easily on her couch, with the air of one who is being entertained by the conversation.

"I wish Major Riley were at Cape Comorin. He keeps better men off, and he means nothing!"

"Is that what every one says—that he means nothing?"

"Certainly it is. We all know Major Riley's ways."

"You think he has treated me meanly?" pursued Marguerite, in a tone that sounded like one of innocent inquiry.

"Can you think he has treated you well?"

"It is what you think that is the point at present."

"Then, in my opinion, and that of a good many others, he has behaved disgracefully. For all the fuss he made about you at Simoo, he allowed you to leave the place without speaking, though he knows he may never see you again."

"True; life is uncertain. Nevertheless, I expect him to turn up at Mussoorie."

"No doubt you do. No doubt he was careful to leave an impression on your mind that he will follow you. That is his way of shuffling out of the obligation; but he has played that trick too often to be believed."

"And who cares if he be a dastard?" asked Miss Daly, with a touch of scorn in her easy tones. "Not I! But I shall have my fun as well as he, and we shall see who will cry quarter first."

"If he does ask you, you will not refuse him, Marguerite?" said her sister, in a coaxing tone.

"Why not? There is greater pleasure in refusing men than in marrying them, I take it."

"But he is a good match, a very good match; the only son of a baronet, a fine estate, and £8000 a year. Only, for Heaven's sake, don't let him go on as he has been doing if he is to throw you over in the end. You will be on a level then with the dozen and one young ladies who have unsuccessfully angled for him; that is not a reputation I envy for you."

A soft gleam flashed under Miss Daly's drooping lids, and a faint disdainful smile round her lips. Then, after a brief pause, she said, in her usual careless tones.

"Who else is coming besides this promising civilian whom you would like me to marry?"

"Mrs. Meredith, the wife of the Judge, a fashionable woman of good family; the Sentries, and Mr. Irving Wood."

"What, that comical little singing widower, who was staying with the Gillespies at Calcutta?"

"Yes. Marion knew his wife. He is much younger than she was, poor thing; but he was terribly in debt, and her first husband left her a good deal of money."

"That sounds quite a pretty story. Well, he is a droll creature. I almost fell in love with him myself. What is he doing here?"

"On his way to Mussoorie like you, where he means to flirt, no doubt, with every marriageable woman who has a *dot*."

"It was really very obliging of his wife to die. Are there any little Irving Woods?"

"None."

"Have you exhausted the list of guests?"

"Yes—no. There is a Miss Henniker, the one young lady of the station. She only arrived three weeks ago to stay with her brother, one of the civilians here."

"Is she pretty?"

"They say so; but dreadfully shy and *gauche*."

"Dear, dear! I must say, on the whole, the collection does not attract me; and, with due regret for Major Pemberton's disappointment and yours, I shall stay where I am till late in the afternoon. By then some of them will have gone, and we shall be able to enjoy our boating in peace. But you can keep this Raeburn if you like to help to row, and—I don't mind Irving Wood for the same reason."

"Marguerite, I am afraid of you. Please remember, however, that Fred is not Hugh Foxwell. We must have no Calcutta episodes here."

At this Miss Daly only smiled.

"Who is this?" cried Mrs. Bishop, who was standing near the French windows. "The first arrival, I suppose."

"'Grift" or "Spin"?" inquired the young lady lazily.

"Why, it is that Captain Danvers, who was over at Simoo the other day, and who rode so well. I forgot that he was coming."

"Captain Danvers!" exclaimed Miss Daly, raising herself with sudden animation. "He was really handsome; he is worth knowing. Ayah, hand me my skirt, and that white Garibaldi. I am going in to tiffin after all."

"In that travelling, dust-stained, old blue cotton-skirt!" cried Mrs. Bishop indignantly. "I will not hear of it. Ayah, get out the Missie Baba's muslin dress."

"Ayah, you will do nothing of the kind. I have not a rupee left of my last quarter's allowance, and that muslin is my *piece de resistance*. The blue cotton-skirt will do very well; for pray take note that I shall have the satisfaction of appearing in unpremeditated and humble attire, and so form a piquant contrast to the other ladies. Don't frown, poor Kate; I know what I am about. Tra-la-la!"

And Miss Daly hummed a gay air as she carelessly twisted her wavy brown hair into a becoming knot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE HOLY MOUNTAIN."—"Haggion Oros," the holy mountain of all who profess the Greek Faith, occupies a most commanding position on the western shore of the Ægean sea. Besides it is Mount Athos. Even before the days of Christianity Mount Athos had its recluses, for the solemn grandeur of the great bare peak and the weird aspect of its surroundings are well calculated to harmonize with minds given up to wild and mystic thoughts. The new doctrine gave a great impulse to the desire to leave the world, and in the course of time the old peninsula came to be occupied by Greek monks, who under the Byzantine Emperors, enjoyed the privilege of governing themselves and their possessions without the interference of any secular control whatever.

There was thus formed a sort of ecclesiastical autonomy that has endured to the present day. The only indication of Turkish authority in Mount Athos is the presence of an official, who however, enjoys not the slightest power, his functions being limited to that of a mere observer. This official has two gendarmes under his orders, but they are more to do honor to the position than to represent any force at his command, the community having its own police in the shape of a body of stout Albanian guards. The administration is carried on by a council of representatives, presided over by one of their number, who is termed "Proteros," or "the first man of Athos."

This office is held by each of the members of the council in succession for a period of three months. The months follow the rule of Basilius. No woman is allowed on any pretence whatever to set foot in the district. The prohibition extends even to female creatures of every kind, so that not a hen, cow, she goat or any other animal capable of giving birth to its kind is to be found at Mount Athos. There is but one village, where a fluctuating body of seculars reside, who assist the monks in their agricultural and other labors. It is the only place in the world resembling a town in which no marriage or birth ever takes place.

"WHAT two beautiful children! Are they twins?" said an old bachelor to an Austin lady with two children. "Oh, yes, they are twins," replied the lady. "Excuse my curiosity, madame, but are you the mother of both of them?"

A RICHMOND paper speaks of a church in which a cradle is kept for the pacification of restless infants, and says as many as half a dozen babies are rocked to sleep in it during a single sermon.

Scientific and Useful.

ELECTRIC TARGET.—A German engineer has invented an electric target on which a hand indicates the exact point where the bullet strikes it.

INK PENCILS.—The ink pencils lately brought into use are stated to be dangerous innovations, as the transfer of writing made by them is a very easy matter. Any signature can be reproduced by using two sheets of dampened paper. The first will take the impression reversed and the next will receive it precisely as originally written.

CATARRH.—Catarrh cures, says a medical writer who has analyzed them to the number of fifty-eight, are "bold-faced frauds." He says: "One ounce of quassia chips, a pound of table salt and forty gallons of water will make one barrel of 'sure cure' that sells for $1 a bottle, holding six ounces; the same quantity of water, a pound of muriate of ammonia, a pound of ground cubebs and a little common potash will make another 'cure' that sells for fifty cents a bottle, holding four ounces."

HORSESHOES.—A new horseshoe is now being made, which is in two parts, the upper designed to remain permanently upon the foot, where it will last for an indefinite time, as no wear comes upon it; the other that which contains the corks, and which is joined to the upper in an ingenious manner. The lower halves of the shoes are interchangeable—sharp corks for icy weather and dull ones for heavy draft horses, or they may be removed entirely at night to prevent injury to the animal while in the stall.

WEATHER SIGNS.—A Chicago man has framed rules which he says never fail, and which can be easily verified. He says that the ants always display great activity before a storm, rushing hither and yon, as if they were letter-carriers making six trips a day, or expressmen behind time. Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles; fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, frogs croak more clamorously, gnats assemble under trees, and horses display restlessness.

MICROSCOPES.—Miniature microscopes, that may be easily made, are of two sorts. The first and simplest is sometimes called the Magnifying Pin-hole. Take a blackened card, and make a hole in it with the point of a fine needle. Hold up the card, and look through the hole so made at any small object held at about an inch from the card, and the object so held will appear magnified about ten times. Another sort of toy microscope is made out of a thin plate of lead or brass. Bore a hole in it with a fine awl or a large needle, and let a drop of clear water fall into the hole so as to fill it up completely. Then place any object that it is wished to examine below the thin plate, and immediately below the globule of water. Look through the globule, and the object looked at will be seen apparently magnified about a hundred and fifty times. A full water bottle also has microscopic powers.

Farm and Garden.

INSECTS AND TOMATOES.—It has been discovered in Cape Colony, that insects shun land on which tomatoes are grown, and some efforts will be made to turn the fact to advantage for the preservation of growing fruits, etc.

COCOANUTS.—Cocoanut growing will be given an experiment in Florida. Over 100,000 plants have been set out on one plantation. It requires six years for the trees to begin to yield returns. A full-grown tree will produce sixty nuts.

FLOWERS.—One of the best places in the world—if one cannot have a green-house—in which to keep roses is the kitchen. There is always more or less moisture in the air from the cooking, and so long as the air is moist the better the growth of your roses.

BUTTER.—When butter is kept in tubs or earthen vessels it must be packed as closely as possible, and no interstices or vacant spaces left, for the butter quickly spoils around these interstices, and the evil spreads through the whole tub. In large establishments it is considered essential that a tub be filled with butter made all in one day.

SHEEP-SHEARING.—A sheep-shearing machine in Australia is worked by steam. It is made of brass, somewhat in the shape of a trowel, moved by a turbine wheel, three inches in diameter, geared on another wheel, on which is a cutter. In front is a comb, serving as a guard against cutting the sheep. The steam is conveyed through a tube of India rubber, inserted in a second tube, the inner tube being the channel for injection, the outer for ejection. The machine works as do shears, but cuts quicker and cleaner, and injures neither animal nor fleece.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.—At a farmers' meeting lately the relative values of married and unmarried men as farm hands was discussed. It was urged on one side that the extra work put upon the house-wife by boarding farm hands more than equaled any gain that might arise from having men about the house. One farmer's wife said that few farmers employ married men and erect houses for them, but one who had tried both ways and kept an accurate cash account, found that he paid about $30 a year for the privilege of adopting a hired man into his family, counting the price of board what it was worth in the market.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 21, 1885.

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THE LAW OF DEVELOPMENT.

Those who incline to place a low estimate on their own powers should remember, first of all, that they cannot judge correctly. No one knows himself sufficiently well to presume or to despair; and there is as much presumption in declaring that we can do nothing as in boasting that we can do everything. The truth is, that we are happily not called upon to make any such analysis or decision at all. Certain duties appeal to us as ours, and we should take them up, humbly and modestly, it is true, without arrogance or boast, yet firmly and cheerfully, in the confidence that, if they belong to us, we shall acquire the requisite ability to perform them. One thing is certain, if we do not try, we shall never accomplish; and, whether it is the school boy with a problem to solve, or the guilty man with a character to retrieve, if discouraging thoughts of self are allowed to palsy effort, failure must certainly ensue.

And it will be found, the longer we study the matter, that in reality the only thing in which we can be said to have any property are our actions. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison; they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death; but our actions must follow us beyond the grave. With respect to them alone, we cannot say that we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world. Our actions must clothe us with an immortality, loathsome or glorious. These are the only title-deeds of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when everything else is as nothing; and their value will be confirmed and established by those two sure destroyers of all earthly things—time and death.

Every event that checkers our lives, every experience that we pass through, may be treated in these two ways. Either we may receive it passively, as something to be accepted and remembered only for itself and its transient effect upon our happiness, or we may enter into its real meaning, learn its offered lessons, and pass on with an accumulated power of life. The difference is something like that which we see in two workers, one of whom has learned a certain method of working, to which he is bound, and beyond which he cares not to look; the other has mastered the principles of his occupation, appreciates its value, knows the points to be attained, and applies his thought and energy to compass them in the best way, using whatever method he finds most efficacious.

Whoever looks into the principles of life will find in them a unity which binds together all persons, all events, all industries, all joys, all sorrows, and interests, and enables him to use them for the great end of improvement. They are not ends in themselves, but means to something higher; they are not life, but methods by which we are able to accumulate life. The child looks at each lesson as a separate task to be learned for its own sake; but the mature student sees running through all his studies and connecting them, the higher purpose of mental development. So the shallow and thoughtless look at each circumstance of life as something to be welcomed or regretted for itself alone; but the wise man or woman sees that through them all runs a deep principle, the development of true manhood or womanhood, and that only as that principle is upheld and cherished, can the real value of external experiences be extracted.

SANCTUM CHAT.

ORGANIZED cynicism has reached the point of a society founded for the express purpose of discountenancing the celebration of Christmas, the New Year, and other anniversaries in England.

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THE French courts have just decided for the second time that to send a message on a post-card does not constitute publication unless it is expressly proved that as a matter of fact the message was read by a third person.

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A NUMBER of practical Germans in Bremen have finally resolved to put an end to the annoying disturbance caused by late comers at the theatres, which, in the old Hanse town, had grown almost insupportable. They have formed a society, the members of which will positively not allow any one to occupy a seat after the commencement of the performance.

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BAVARIA is reported to have just passed a law forbidding the marriage of people who have received public charity within three years, who have not paid their taxes, or who, by reason of vicious habits, laziness or poverty are likely to make home wretched.

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A NEW YORK paper says that it is no longer considered the proper thing to wear finger-rings, and adds: "The fashion is a sensible one, whatever the source; for a pretty hand doesn't need rings, and the defects of an ugly hand are only accentuated by their use."

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THE Bank of France, it is said, has an invisible studio in a gallery behind the cashiers, so that at a signal from one of them any suspected customer will instantly have his picture taken without his own knowledge. The camera has also become very useful in the detection of frauds, a word or figure that to the eye seemed completely erased, being clearly reproduced in photographs of the document that had been tampered with.

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AT Key West, Florida, summer is perpetual, and at noonday every soul is asleep. The cocoanut trees nod drowsily, and the banana leaves droop under the heavy air. The flushed sun gilds the smooth trunk of the palms, the hum of the insects is hushed, and the cigar maker, who sings at his work while the morning mist lies upon the island, seeks the shelter of the low-browed roofs, smokes his cigarette, sips his coffee, and lies down to a siesta. The people share their slumber between the day and the night. They work in the early morning and in the evening hours, give their nights to pleasure, and the noonday to rest.

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STUDENT life in Germany is no longer what it was. In small towns the students are still more or less lords of the situation; but in Berlin, which has now the greatest number of students, they disappear among the multitude, and the select brotherhoods and corps have no longer their claimed preeminence. Many people have become prosaic enough as to regard duels as a crime rather than an honor, and the combatants are liable to arrest, though, to judge by the seamed, scarred and disfigured physiognomies to be seen in the streets the favorite custom of sword-fencing is by no means extinct among the rising generation in Germany.

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DURING the month of December seven "assessors of mercy" are employed as assistants to the Royal Ministry of Justice at Berlin, whose duty it is to investigate all the appeals for mercy addressed to the Emperor's private cabinet, and to report thereon to the Minister. The office is considered one of special preference and honor; one of the assessors this year is thrice a doctor, namely, of theology, philosophy and jurisprudence. Appeals for pardon from members of the army are never allowed to be addressed directly to the Emperor; those of the members of the families of soldiers have to pass through the Ministry of War. The numerous appeals of every kind are, notwithstanding, looked over by the Emperor, and many of them, with marginal notes from his own hand, referred to the respective "assessor of mercy."

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IT is said that the most certain way to take attraction out of a drama is to spend an hour behind the scenes, and the most effectual way of sickening a person desiring to become a circus rider, is to take him to the dressing-room during a performance. One who has been there, says he saw performers preparing for their respective acts, and while they were naked, were seen upon their bodies, in every conceivable place, formidable bandages and plasters. These were for sprains and bruises, of which every one had his share—and no small share at that. One, a well known bareback and four-horse rider, while in the act of putting on a pair of elastic knee-caps, to strengthen his knees, explained that the most serious strains resulting from riding and tumbling came upon the kidneys, which were often badly injured. The breast was also strained at times, though not so frequently. Such trivial matters as shoulder and ankle sprains are continually occurring, and unworthy of notice. Heaps of porous plasters and quantities of glycerine, enough to stock an apothecary's shop, were used by a circus company in a single season.

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A FOREIGN scientist maintains that the reason for the stunted intellectual development of sheep and bears lies in the fact that the growth of the thick coat imposes such a strain upon the organism as to absorb the entire stock of energy, leaving none to support mental functions. The sagacity of the animal world is, the professor insists, an appanage of hairless creatures; and he instances the elephant and serpent in support of his theory. Applying his theory to the human race, he demonstrates that baldness is a mark of intellectual superiority. It is a result of intellectual fermentation in the brain, which gradually bulges out the upper surface of the skull. Baldness is not simply loss of hair, as is vulgarly supposed; it is caused by the excess of cerebral energy, which forces the skull through and causes it to grow above the hair.

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AFTER all the struggle for scientific achievement in ages past, it remained for Mr. H. H. Warner, the head of the famous patent medicine establishment at Rochester, N. Y., to offer the first and only prizes offered in the world for astronomical discovery. These, he has been offering for many years past, and for 1885 he is found as earnest in the work as ever. He now announces a series of prizes amounting to $400, and possibly more. His first is for the discovery of hitherto unknown comets, and his second for the best-written paper on the recent "red sunsets." While the general commendation his liberality receives, is, in itself, sufficient reward, perhaps, Mr. Warner has besides the satisfaction of knowing that his action—so peculiarly American—is more than likely to become a notable example for others possessed of means and a love of science, to follow in their turn.

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THERE is only a given amount of arable land in every country, says a labor paper, and from this land the means of subsistence of all the dwellers therein must be drawn. To permit the monopoly of great tracts, either by individuals or corporations, to the exclusion of future millions to all right in the common heritage of the people, is simply to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. The monopoly of land in this country has already proceeded to such an extent as to react with great force to the injury of wages generally by cutting off the outlet for surplus labor in the future if not summarily checked. The invention of labor-saving machinery and the minute subdivision of labor rendered possible by the great aggregate increase of capital has created practically a manufacturing monopoly rivaling that of the great growing monopoly in land—thus rendering the individual workman (and smaller capitalists for that matter) powerless to work on his own account and thus secure the profits on his labor, as a quarter of a century ago.

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A NEW YORK company is now manufacturing practical electrical storage batteries of various sizes and prices. The smallest size made, which costs five dollars, is about as large as a powder-flask, and weighs half a pound. Its power when charged is sufficient to run a four-candle lamp for four hours. To recharge costs twelve cents. Its chief use will be for the lighting of small lamps, the smallest about the size of a bean or the head of a shawl-pin; such lamps are used by surgeons for examinations. The next size of battery is in the shape of a cube about six inches square, and weighs two pounds. Such a battery, costing twelve dollars, will feed a desk lamp for ten hours, at a cost of about twenty-four cents for charging. The next size of battery, twelve inches by sixteen by nine, is intended for carriages, and will give current enough for two outside lamps and one inside for four hours a day for ten days; the cost of recharging will be thirty cents. For running sewing-machines, a battery is made measuring sixteen inches each way, and weighing twenty pounds; it will run a sewing-machine for a month, and cost half a dollar to charge. All such batteries are warranted to last two years.

HER PICTURE.

BY I. D. K.

Her hair is brown, with a tint of gold,
Her eyes are gray, with a glint of blue,
Her cheeks are just like a white rose leaf,
With the red rose blushing through.

She's full of grace as a swaying flower,
And just as a flower is full of scent,
Her heart is full of the truest love
Of a sweet and gay content.

She's full of song as the birds in spring:
You may hear her sing at dawn of day:
And her dress is white, with shades of pink,
Like the hawthorn flowers in May.

I've painted my darling many a time,
But the trouble is ever the same:
Neither in gold nor in precious wood
Can I find a fitting frame.

And carven silver is all too poor
For the exquisite counterpart:
Nothing but love and life will do,
So I frame her in my heart.

My Ghostly Visitor.

BY R. L. KERR.

I WANT you to spend half an hour or so in the library of a country-house. It is the hour when cups of tea do circulate. Divers ladies and gentlemen, with the fox-hunter of the period, are established in comfortable chairs, and—Mrs. Venables.

A gleam of the lamp falls upon her, as she sits in a comfortable arm-chair, the most perfectly appointed, and yet the most natural-looking woman in the room.

"It is quite impossible," she is saying; "you wish me to take upon myself the role of improvisatrice, and monopolize the conversation for a whole hour? What can I have done that I should draw on myself the odium of a whole roomful of people?"

Then up and speaks our host, who is handing her a cup:

"No story, no tea, Mrs. Venables. We all want to hear her adventure. Now then, a show of hands for Mrs. Venables a ghost story!"

The evidence in favor of the story is of course overwhelming, and Mrs. Venables resigns herself to her fate.

"How shall I begin?" she asks. "First let me give anybody who does not wish to be bored to death time to escape."

There is a pause. No one moves of course.

"Then I am afraid you will all be very much disappointed," says the lady, settling herself, "for I can only give an embellished statement of facts, nature not having gifted me with an imagination. But as you all wish it, and there is no 'chiel amang ye takin' notes,' I will try my best to amuse you.—Well then, my adventure, as you call it, took place not a hundred miles from this very house where we are all staying. No, don't be too clever; it was not in this house, but it was in this county. I must not tell you the real names, for the people who owned the house are still living, and you will see, if you have patience to sit the story out, that it would be painful to them to have their identities disclosed.

"I used to visit a good deal, for I have been always fortunate in having a number of kind friends. Amongst these the oldest perhaps was Henry Gore. He was one of the most popular men of his set, and no one could have ever had more cordial congratulations upon his marriage. All the gentlemen were dying to be introduced to his wife, an Australian beauty, and the young people of both sexes were delighted to be able to add another house to their happy hunting-grounds.

"I was one of the last to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Gore; and it was only after she had been married a year and after we had made several fruitless attempts to meet at the houses of common friends, that I received an invitation to spend a few days at their country-house, which we will call Manibere Court. The letter was a very cordial one. Mrs. Gore spoke of her anxiety to make my acquaintance, indeed she said she almost felt as if she knew me already, and in fact she quite assumed the tone of an old friend.

"'If you are not afraid of staying in our haunted house,' ran the letter, 'we hope you will come to us next. We shall have a party for Lady B——'s ball. If you are not going there you must come to us for it, and *do* bring your beautiful diamonds. Harry has said so much about them that we are all dying to see them.'

"Of course I cannot remember the exact words, but with regard to those two things, the allusion to the haunted house, and the request to take my diamonds, I feel quite sure. For there were ghost-hunters even in those days, and though a sceptic, I was one of the most ardent of them. As to the diamonds (it would be affectation of course to pretend not to know that they were unique), I made rather a joke of the fact that I had been chiefly asked as an appendage to my dressing-case.

"Of course I accepted the invitation, and in due time I turned up at Manibere Court, diamonds and all. As we drew up at the gate at the bottom of the short avenue of lime-trees that led to the house, I thought to myself that a more likely find for a good family ghost of the white-sheet and chain-clanking order, it had never been my fortune to come across.

"A grey stone front, with heavily mullioned windows, brought the picture of Tappington Hall in the edition of the 'Ingoldsby Legends' vividly before my mind. There was something just a little depressing too in the wide steps that led up to the terrace with its mouldering balustrade, in the utter absence of any bright color to relieve the monotony—the gardens being on the other side—and in the dreary rustling of the lime-trees as they bent to the chilly autumn breeze.

"Nor was this impression removed on entering the hall. The present craze for æsthetic browns and greens had not of course come in. But modern mediævalism had just been discovered; Pugin was its prophet, and Mrs. Gore was evidently one of his most advanced disciples. Old oak furniture had been collected from various parts of the country, and made to do duty as family pieces. Ancestral Gores scowled at you from the panelled walls, and armored figures seemed to threaten one from odd recesses and corners.

"It was quite a relief to escape from these somewhat gloomy surroundings into the bright morning-room looking upon the gardens, and to receive the cordial welcome of Mrs. Gore. She was indeed the most fascinating of hostesses, and withal a very beautiful woman. She had the peculiar knack of making you feel, after the first five minutes, as if you had known her all your life; and though cavillers might possibly find fault with her manner, as being perhaps a trifle too *empressé*, no doubt it was a great deal owing to the freedom of her colonial bringing-up. Besides, who could have the heart to criticise, when whatever defect there might be, arose from an anxious—possibly a too-anxious—wish to please.

"'So very glad to see you at last, dear Miss Carew!' as she advanced to meet me. 'I began to be quite afraid that we were never to know each other. So wrong of Harry not to have been here to introduce us, but now that those poor dreadful partridges have to be shot, I never see him from morning till night. I have taken you at your word, and put you in the haunted room. You are sure you do not mind?'

"Of course I did not mind. I was positively delighted, for in those days I owned no nerves. I don't say that is so now, but at that time I was certainly not fanciful, and should have regarded the offer of even a night-light as a personal insult.

* * * * * *

"The ghost at Manibere Court had certainly secured one of the best rooms in the house. It was comfortable and even cheerful, its three windows commanding a fine view of the gardens and woods backed by the ——shire hills. It was furnished in a delightfully rococo and altogether mixed style which would have sufficed to set on edge the teeth of cultured persons of to-day. The high narrow mantel-piece called aloud for spindle-shanked chairs and chippendale tables, whereon it was evident that no here-to-fore partial reformation from utter Philistinism had as yet been effected. Sundry gaudily covered tablekins cropped up in highly incorrect but convenient places, and a particularly snug but two utterly wrong arm-chair stood clothed in a species of white petticoat beside a severely orthodox carved oak bed.

"'And this is really your dressing-room,' explained Mrs. Gore, indicating a door near the fire-place. 'That absurd Harry insisted on your maid being put in there, lest you should be seized with panic in the night. But if you do not like it, you have only to say so, and I will have her moved.'

"'By no means,' I said. 'Dear old Pinfold has been with me so long, from my childhood in fact, that I think of her comfort almost before my own, and I know there is nothing she will like so much as being near me.'

"'As you please,' said pretty Mrs. Gore with just the slightest ghost of a shrug, 'but if you should change your mind you have only to tell the housekeeper, and have her things moved upstairs at once.'

"I need not say that I did not change my mind. After spending a very happy evening, I found myself in due course in my room with Pinfold brushing out my hair. As our habit was, we were passing in review the various toilettes. Mrs. Gore's dress, of a lovely shade of mauve, just then come into fashion, had particularly captivated Pinfold's fancy, as, with a privileged few, she had watched us from the gallery, trooping into dinner. She was, however, happy in the conviction that none of the jewelry worn by the other ladies at all came up to mine.

"'There was nothing that could beat even your 'littlest' cross, Miss Florence, let alone your whole parure. What will they say when they see it to-morrow night, I wonder?'

"'They have seen it,' I replied, 'Mr. Gore made me fetch it down after dinner.'

"'Well, to be sure,' said Pinfold, 'what a funny thing for a gentleman to do! I wouldn't have fetched it then, if I had been you.'

"Mrs. Gore wanted to show it to Lady Elizabeth Mogg, who is leaving to-morrow.'

"'And what did she think of it?' inquired Pinfold, when she had relieved her mind by giving a few hard tugs at my hair.

"'Nothing much,' I said, impelled by the love of teasing the dear old woman. 'Oh yes, I forgot, Mrs. Gore said it wanted cleaning. Of course you will think she was jealous of it.'

"'I am sure she was,' returned Pinfold viciously. 'Perhaps she would like to have the job herself.'

"'She would,' I said. 'She offered to do them for me to-morrow. She has got some wonderful new stuff she does her own with. She is going to give me a lesson, so prepare to have all the big stones dropping out of their settings all over the place. Poor, you silly old woman! It is all a joke, of course; but possibly she was right, and they really do want cleaning. But now let's get to bed before the clock strikes twelve, or we shall lose all chance of seeing or hearing the ghost; and Pinfold, mind you sleep with one eye open and both ears, so as to be able to come in the moment I call, if anybody should try to play us a trick and frighten us.'

"I have said that I never had a nerve in those days, and I had drawn too many houses blank already to feel much excitement about the ghost. So when Pinfold extinguished my candle and had ceased to move about, I soon dropped into a deep sleep, and allowed the witching hour to pass by unnoticed. How long I slept I could not tell. It might have been one hour, or it might have been two, but when I awoke it was still dark. Not quite dark, however, for as I turned round a thin thread of light struck upon my half-opened eyes. Not daylight though. It was not cold enough or gray enough for that, and as I drowsily considered what it could be, the thin streak penetrated between the curtains and travelled over the bed towards the foot. Could it be Pinfold, and was she walking in her sleep? The possibility of this stopped the words that were upon my lips. I had heard that it was dangerous to wake somnambulists with a shock; so instead of calling, I cautiously withdrew the curtain on one side and peeped out.

"Nerves or no nerves, I can assure you all that the sight I beheld, absolutely froze my blood. I dont think I have said that the bed was in a recess, and that the chairs and tables formed cosy little oases in various parts of the large room.

"In a space between my bed and the door of Pinfold's room, stood, what it is *selon les regles* of all properly constituted ghost stories to call 'A Figure!' And in truth it would be impossible to describe what I saw with absolute exactness. There was an indistinctness about its shadowy outlines that prevented me from gaining a clear idea of its shape. Something, I saw, while the cold dew gathered thick upon my brow—something, the faint outlines of which were rendered visible by the light of a shaded lamp, bringing to view the white flowing draperies below, while it left the upper part of the figure in deepest shadow. Lying there, with all my boasted courage ebbing away from every pore of my body, but two ideas were present with me—if only I could in any way summon Pinfold unperceived by my unwelcome visitant; and oh, if it should move! It did move.

"At that minute I did not imagine that terror could have any lower depth, but I was soon undeceived when the figure, after a moment's pause, began to glide, thank God, not in my direction, but in the direction of the window, where, drawing aside the curtain, it stood, apparently gazing out at the night. The moon was riding fast amongst the clouds, and threw her beams upon that mysterious thing standing silently by my dressing-table; but her light did not suffice to show clearly the outline of the head, which I now saw was hidden in folds of the same shadowy material which disguised the lower part of the shape.

"The idea of a trick never for an instant crossed my mind. Sheer terror paralysed every nerve. After some moments the creature dropped the curtain, and in the same soundless way began to return. I have said there was a large arm-chair beside the bed. In this the figure took up its position, still holding the lamp in such a manner as to keep the upper portion of it in deepest shadow.

"The chiming clock in the hall pealed merrily, but the figure did not move. Great heavens, if it should sit there all night! How long do people take to go mad from fright I wondered? The very effort to lie still produced a longing to move that was almost intolerable.

"If I could only slip out of bed on the further side and take refuge with Pinfold. Would it be possible to make a rush and gain the haven of her room before that horrible thing should have time to glide round, and intercept my flight?

"Should I try? I would.

"One resolute effort would bring me to the edge of the bed. But the bed was an ancient one, and as I tried to move it creaked.

"Still the figure sat motionless. Another movement brought another creak—and, oh horror, my enemy was upon me! With what seemed supernatural quickness, and in the same oppressive silence, it rose and came round to the side of the bed where I was lying. Instinctively I closed my eyes, and strove, until I thought my heart would burst, to breathe regularly and easily as if I were asleep.

"By the glare, I was made conscious of the light being held close to my uncontrollably quivering eyelids. And, in agony I awaited I know not what. Then with the receding light I opened my eyes to see the figure flitting aimlessly about the room. But was it aimlessly?

"All the stories I had ever heard of spirits haunting the spots their ill deed had polluted crowded upon my mind as I watched that figure prosecuting its search.

"Could those tales of ghosts hunting for wills and documents, unrighteously suppressed, be true then after all? Hitherto I had sat in the seat of the scornful when the veracity of such narratives was insinuated. But I would willingly had given my adhesion to the most monstrous of these statements could I have been spared ocular demonstration of their truth. Not one hole or corner of the room did the creature leave unransacked. Drawer after drawer was opened and closed again, not in total silence, but still in the same stealthy manner. How long this would have continued it is impossible to conjecture, but a sudden violent movement on my part put an end to the situation. My attempt to escape had brought me to the very edge of the bed, and in spite of every effort to retain my position, I now felt myself slipping, slipping, on to the floor. It was no use to grapple with the bedclothes in a desperate struggle to recover my position. There was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad business, and to guard against the awkward contingency of falling out head-foremost. With some exertion I righted myself, but the noise I made in doing so would I feared bring my terrible vision once more upon me. In sickening expectation I stood up for a moment with eyes closed; when I opened them the thing was gone. At the same instant I heard Pinfold move in her bed.

"'Miss Florence,' she cried drowsily, "Miss Florence, what do you want in here?'

"But once relieved of that awful presence I did not stop to listen. The thought of foul play had not up to the present occurred to me. But now it crossed my mind, and changed all my terror into rage.

"Seizing my bell, I rang it till I pulled it down.

"'Pinfold,' I cried, rushing into her room, both doors of which I saw were now open, 'get up; don't stop to ask me anything. There are robbers in the house. Fly downstairs and call the servants as you go. I will rouse the gentleman and send them down the front staircase. By that means the thieves cannot escape. I will tell you everything by-and-by.'

"I never waited to see whether the terrified Pinfold obeyed my orders. I flew along the passage and down the stair-case, where I already found a party assembling. As it happened, my bell had rung downstairs, and a startled contingent of butler, footmen, and various understrappers were mustering in the hall. The grotesqueness of their improvised toilets makes me laugh as I think of it, but didn't strike me at the time as anything at all remarkable. 'Make haste,' I cried, 'there are burglars in the house. They have been in my room. Show me at once where your master sleeps, and I'll go with you. Make haste.' The butler's figure was not built for speed, but, thus adjured, he led the way with astonishing alacrity, his costume exhibiting a bold combination of white, with a shepherd's plaid tastefully arranged round his neck.

"'Get up,' I said, rushing unceremoniously into the Gores' room, which was, of course, in total darkness. 'There are thieves in the house. They cannot have got very far as yet. Mr. Gore, please do wake up—get up!'

"To do him justice, though, when he did understand the purport of my visit, he lost no time in answering the summons. Before five minutes had elapsed he assumed the lead of the search party, and I was left behind to explain matters in detail to my astonished hostess. Considering her impulsive manner, I was surprised to find that, after the first shock, she took my story very coolly, and was, indeed, inclined to pooh-pooh my somewhat incoherent narrative.

"'You've been dreaming,' she said, laughing. 'It was so wrong of us to tell you all sorts of things about that room. The thing is clear. You were frightened, you went to sleep and had the nightmare. One is so apt to fancy things when in a strange room, and alone.'

"'Fancy things!' I cried angrily. 'Any one who knows me will tell you that I am not a person to fancy things. It was not a ghost, of course; it was a robber, or some one else dressed up to frighten me. Besides, I tell you, Pinfold saw it, too. Looking for my diamonds, of course, which she always keeps safe under my bed.'

"Mrs. Gore looked surprised and bewildered.

"'Under her bed,' she repeated, softly; 'what a very droll idea! So you are not altogether unprepared for those adventures, eh?'

"'Not unprepared!' I cried, with a glance at the wrapper which I had hastily thrown round me before I had taken flight. 'Why, if I had expected to appear before society in the middle of the night I should at least have taken care to have my dressing-gown on. As it is, I wonder if you would lend me yours? It might be as well to look a little respectable, to say nothing of its being rather chilly. Why, you have got yours on; how very odd! Do you always wear your dressing-gown in bed?'

"Mrs. Gore burst into a fit of laughter. 'You forget,' she said, 'that I've had plenty of time to put it on while you were frightening Harry to death. You will find my fur cloak in the wardrobe. We may as well make ourselves as comfortable as we can, for your burglar may want a great deal of catching.'

"But long before the search was over my strained nerves had given way. The utter want of sympathy—nay, the absolute incredulity with which my story had been received, affected me so much that in spite of all attempts at self-command, I burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"And, in fact, the return of Mr. Gore with the news that the whole house had been ransacked, from attic to cellar without even a trace of an open door or a window, added to my discomfiture; and it only required his politely-expressed condolences, and his wife's less thinly-veiled contempt, to render my collapse complete. I felt that to spend the rest of the night by myself was a simple impossibility. Aided by Mr. Gore's strong arm, I took refuge with Pinfold, and in her room, with both the doors locked, and a perfect blaze of candles, we sat and 'longed for day.' There was consolation in the knowledge that Pinfold had also seen the apparition, and was prepared to bear witness to the truth of my story, although

like many other excellent people in similar predicaments, it was our fate to be disbelieved.

"Of course no amount of arguments or chaff could ever induce me to deny the testimony of my senses. Besides, was there not the confirmatory evidence of that half-open drawer in my room?

"On one point my mind was fully made up, and that was, not to stay another night in the house; and neither arguments nor jeers suffered in the least to shake my resolution. But my host and hostess employed each method of persuasion in turn, and found each fail. My nerves had been too severely shaken, and my pride too sorely hurt, to make the thought of a prolonged sojourn at Manibere Court for one minute endurable. The Gores, on the other hand united in imploring me to remain. 'My flight reflected on their house,' they said. 'It would create an unpleasant impression amongst their guests. The servants would not stay (already two or three of them had declared their intention of leaving and forfeiting their wages), and all these misfortunes would be averted if only I would consent to pass a few more nights under their roof.

"But, as you all know, I can be terribly decided; and even though it should lead to a positive estrangement—which in fact it did—I felt that I could not nerve myself to stay. Up to the last moment Mrs. Gore never ceased pressing me to change my mind, and at last went from entreaties to absolute rudeness when she found she could not gain her point.

"You will all readily believe that it was with a light heart that I heard the gates clash behind me as I took leave of Manibere Court. Years passed before I saw it again. The Gores chose to make my refusal to risk a repetition of the horrors of that night the ground for a quarrel. I only heard at second-hand that no solution of the mystery had ever been arrived at, and I did receive one formal note from Mr. Gore, hoping that I would not mention my adventure in society, as a rumor of it had already frightened several people from coming to stay with them.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Venable's voice stopped.

"Oh thanks so much!" from everybody. "But was that quite the end; did you really never hear anything more?"

"That was the end of my adventure. I thought you wanted to hear a ghost story, and a ghost story with an explanation is no better than one of those conjurors who says he will show you how all his tricks are done—which, by the way, he takes very good care never to do."

"There was an explanation then?" from one of the young ladies. "Oh, do tell us! I am so nervous, I shall never sleep all night."

"It was more than a year afterwards then," resumed Mrs. Venables, "that I was staying at Brighton, when I caught a glimpse of a face I knew in a carriage at a shop door. At once I recognized the dark eyes and brilliant complexion of Mrs. Gore, and I doubted whether I should be the first to make the advance towards closing our silly quarrel. While I was hesitating she saw me, and to my great surprise, greeted me without a trace of coolness and in her old gushing manner.

"'So glad to see you!' she said, seizing my hand, and holding it as if she would never let it go. 'You are staying here; so are we, in ——— Crescent. You will come and see us. You must; I will take no excuse. To-morrow. I shall expect you to tea with me to-morrow.'"

"And did you go?" After an unusually long pause.

"This part of my story is so painful that I hardly like to go on," says Mrs. Venables. "Still, as it all happened so long ago, and as I have not betrayed the real names of my friends, I suppose there can be no harm in telling it now. I arranged, then, to go to tea with Mrs. Gore. It was so long ago that afternoon tea was only just established, and people still dined at seven, and seven-thirty was considered late. I was putting on my things to go, when a message was brought to me that someone wished to see me on business immediately. Guess my surprise at finding the drawing-room in the possession of a serious-looking lady in the uniform of a hospital sister.

"'There must be some mistake,' I said. 'My friend with whom I am staying is not at home, but if you could explain the occasion of your visit to me———'

"'Certainly,' said the sister gravely. 'I have come from ——— Crescent at the request of Mr. Gore. I believe you had arranged to lunch with Mrs. Gore to-day?'

"'Had arranged! I was just getting ready to go there now,' I said. 'Has she—surely she has not met with any accident!' The sister shook her head.

"'We thought you did not know,' she said. 'Poor Mrs. Gore!'

"'Not ill?' I asked, frightened at the sad expression of her kind face.

"'Her physical health has never been better,' said the sister; 'but her mind———'

"Alas! it was too true, although at first, with that memory of our recognition of the preceding day so fresh in my mind, I could almost have been as ready to suspect Harry Gore and the sedate lady before me of a conspiracy, as Mrs. Gore of mental unsoundness. You will easily realize what a terrible shock this news gave me, totally unprepared as I was for anything of the sort.

"'We thought you would not have known,' repeated the sister, 'for you might pass several hours, nay even days, in Mrs. Gore's society without detecting the least symptoms of insanity, provided certain subjects are not touched upon.'

"'And what are those subjects?' I ventured to ask. 'It all seems so very sad and strange, I can hardly believe it.'

"'I dare say you may have noticed, if you were intimate with Mrs. Gore, her extraordinary fondness for jewelry?'

"'Ah!'

"'She herself owned some very handsome ornaments given to her by her husband, and you will easily fancy his distress when one day these were missing. Every effort was made to trace them, but in vain, and the search had just been allowed to drop, when the interest was suddenly revived. A lady staying at Manibere last year had a very handsome set of pearls stolen from her bed-room. But you look quite pale. I am afraid this sudden news has made you ill.'

"'I am not ill,' I said, 'but it certainly has given me rather a shock. But pray go on. You do not know how deeply I am interested.'

"'Within a fortnight,' continued the sister, 'there came a letter from a London jeweller to say that the jewels (which had been fully described in several of the London papers) had been offered to him for sale by Mrs. Gore. Strange to say, the ornaments once in her possession, the extraordinary cunning of insanity seemed to have deserted her. When taxed with her conduct by her grief-stricken husband, she made no attempt to deny it. Nor did the remonstrances and even tears of her heartbroken parents succeed in awakening in her the slightest sense of shame for what in her irresponsible condition it would be absurd to call a crime.'

"Well, there is little more to say. Poor Mrs. Gore, when I did go to see her, exhibited no traces of mental alienation in her manner. Always restless and impulsive, unless I had been warned to expect it, her natural excitability would not have attracted my particular attention. And I not tell you that I avoided with special care the subjects of conversation calculated to bring on the fearful paroxysms of excitement from which she occasionally suffered.

"As to any connection between my experiences at Manibere and poor Mrs. Gore's illness, you can all draw your own conclusions. I have my own opinion of course, but as some of us are believers in the supernatural, and some are not, I prefer to keep it to myself, undiscussed and undisputed. Of course the affair was never alluded to by either Mr. Gore or myself, and until to-day I do not think that I have ever related my adventure, as you call it, to more than one or two of my most intimate friends. There can be no harm now though in telling it, seeing that Mrs. Gore, whose insanity rapidly passed into the acute stage, has been at rest for several years, and Harry happily married to a charming wife. There are no ghosts now at Manibere, and the girls and I look forward to our annual fortnight there as one of the very pleasantest in our round of visits."

Our Cabman.

BY CHARLES REED.

LAST summer one of our horses fell lame, and had to be very carefully worked, or rather, according to Binks' orders, not worked at all. My husband will never drive hired horses, and he and the coachman are so fussy that sometimes it seems as if they were determined I should not use the carriage at all.

It was very disagreeable having to send to the livery-stables for a brougham. A message often came back to say "the carriages were all engaged," just when I had something most particular to do in the afternoon.

One day when this happened I sent out for a cab, and Simmonds brought a delicious Hansom.

It seemed quite new, had proper blinds, arm-rests, plated fittings, and soft cushions, exactly like a private one; but there was its number, 99,674, staring me in the face, the regulation tariff, and the badge on the man's coat, so of course it was just a common cab.

This cab seemed always on the stand near our house, and I got quite into a habit of expecting to be driven about by "99," as my husband and I called the driver.

He was delightfully civil, knew his way about town splendidly, never made a mistake to a club, or a theatre, or any of the squares, and was always satisfied with the fare given him.

He had a funny habit of always taking his hat right off, instead of touching it, when I got in or out of his vehicle, and this made Ralph and me call him "our gentlemanly cabman." He was young, and not bad-looking.

After a while I was able to have the carriage again, and it was only now and then that I wanted "99"; but he usually seemed on the stand when I needed him, and reminded me of our old driver in Rome, whom we called by his number, "essantecinque," and who appeared to be outside our door at any hour of the day or night.

Towards the end of the season, my cousin, Clarice May, came to stay with me and I was dreadfully sorry to find her looking quite thin and ill, and in very bad spirits. She cared for nothing; and though there were lovely dances, heaps of garden parties, and all the engagements that crowd up so at the end of July, I could interest her in none.

It seemed very odd that instead of having to take about with me the bright, merry girl who was the life of every room she entered, I should find a quiet damsel, whose large eyes appeared to be fixed on vacancy, and whose dwelling was apparently in cloudland.

Ralph and I did all we could to cheer her up, and I tried to win her confidence, but in vain. She went to all the gay scenes like a martyr; and I must confess I began to feel a little provoked, for Clarice lives quite in the country, with an old aunt, whose pet and darling she is, but who has really a very dull house; and a visit to us in the season is usually the great pleasure of the year to her.

Ralph told me to let the girl alone, saying there was certain to be a man in the case; but that I did not at all believe, for I felt sure Clarice would have told me of a love affair directly.

The best thing that happened last year was the "Fisheries *fete*," and of course I had been looking forward to it for weeks. Ralph brought us home wonderful accounts of what was to be done at it; and even Clarice seemed to wake up a little as the time drew near.

It was quite as lovely as we expected; it was the greatest possible fun to see the good-natured way in which "the Royalties" did all they could to amuse and help, not to speak of the ridiculous scenes at the pond, where we all angled for toys and things. The pretty illumination, good music, and lovely dresses, made it the greatest success of the kind I ever remember.

We had been at a dinner-party first, and of course the crowd was very great; so at about twelve began one of my tiresome headaches. Ralph said we must go home at once, and as Clarice had begun to look desperately tired, and to have her "air martyre" again, I was glad when he took us to the entrance hall, and went to look for the carriage.

He did not come back for a quarter of an hour, and then said it was nowhere to be seen. That stupid Binks must have made some mistake, for we could hear the link men shouting for "Mr. Hydecroft's carriage" all down the road. Still no vehicle appeared.

"Do let us have a cab," said I; "I am so tired!"

Ralph agreed, so we all went outside, and he called out directly, "How lucky—here's '99'!" Clarice and I jumped in, and left him lighting a cigar, and preparing to follow in another cab.

I told my cousin all about "our gentlemanly cabman" as we went home, but she seemed to pay no attention, and we were quickly driven through the gate of our house in the Addison Road, and pulled up at the steps. Clarice jumped out first, and ran up to ring the bell.

As I was getting down, I somehow caught the frill of my dress over the step of the cab. The jerk nearly threw me down, and I should at all events have hurt myself against the stone pillar if "99" had not most cleverly caught me.

He disentangled my dress, and followed me up the steps for his fare. The door opened, and the bright light from within fell full upon him. Clarice turned as she entered to ask me if I were hurt, and started back, falling into a chair in the hall as she exclaimed, "Good heavens! It is Paul Verrion!"

"Mrs. Hydecroft, I have to beg your pardon and give you an explanation."

I, scarcely knowing what I did, led the way to the dining-room. My astonishment may be imagined when I fairly saw the cabman. He had an overcoat with his proper badge thereon, it is true, but for the rest he was clothed in most correct evening dress—solitaire, white tie, crush hat and all. I felt in an agony of curiosity to know what he had to say.

"You must hear me, Miss May," he said, firmly, to Clarice, who was preparing to fly upstairs. She folded her long cloak round her, and sat down in the arm-chair opposite me, looking most scornful, while "99" stood in the middle of the hearthrug and began—

"I am not really a cabman, Mrs Hydecroft: till a few months ago I was in the 1st Woollenshire Regiment, and we were stationed at Manchester. My name is Paul Verrion, and my uncle, Sir Charles, has always been good to me, and made me a fair allowance. I ought to have got on well, but I did not. I was fool enough to get into all sorts of extravagances, for which I can offer no excuse. My uncle paid my debts once, but when I sorely needed that the process should be repeated, he absolutely declined to entertain the idea."

Here there was a loud ring, and Ralph came in hurriedly, Simmonds holding open the door with a face the expression of which nearly sent me into peals of laughter; it was so tragic when he saw we were complacently listening to cabman's tales.

"I say, you know," began Ralph, in utter surprise, "that horse outside! What on earth———"

But I interrupted him with—"Let me introduce Mr. Verrion to you, dear, nephew of Sir Charles Verrion, the celebrated entomologist, you know."

Ralph's face of bewilderment was charming. Of course, he had to come and shake hands, but he could not help staring at the badge dangling from Paul's coat all the time.

"Very much pleased, I'm sure," he said; "but I don't understand———"

"No, dear," said I, "we are just having it explained;" and "99" resumed—

"I was telling Mrs. Hydecroft what a fool I've been, sir, and how I got into debt and didn't keep within my income, and how Sir Charles refused to help me with a farthing—in fact, turned me out of his house, and ordered me not to attempt to see him again till I had paid my debts and found out how to earn my living and live on what I earned. This seemed hard lines. How was I to earn anything? I knew nothing outside my profession, and not much of that, I fear. I always longed to be a farmer, but my uncle would never help me to get a farm, because he said my fondness for field sports would only make it a curse for idle amusement. I spent a wretched night at my rooms after that interview, but at last I made up my mind to sell my commission, and all my odds and ends, pay my debts, and try and get a place as a clerk in London. I began as soon as I could, but the day I took a turn to see my cab and horse with a view to purchase it, the thought struck me that I might keep myself afloat, for a time at least, by retaining it and becoming this," and Paul touched his badge.

"What a good idea!" said I.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Ralph.

Clarice sat perfectly still.

"I came up to town, *drove* up—the portmanteau inside my cab contained all my remaining goods—paid my debts—which were not so very heavy, after all—took out a license, pasted up the tariff, stuck on my badge, took a room in a mews in South Kensington, and there I have been for more than three months. I have learned a good deal on the whole, and seen a vast amount of human nature."

"But how do you know your way about so well?" inquired I.

"I bought a first-rate map and a directory, and every night I worked as hard as if I were cramming for an exam., learning up the streets and giving myself papers: 'Find the nearest way from Euston Square to Elvaston Place, or from the Albert Hall to Bedford Row; where is Garrick Street, and Hans Place? how shall I get from Belsize Road to Sloane Square, and from the Harrow Road to Curzon Street?'—that was the sort of grind I did.

"The people I lodge with are good creatures, filled with gratitude because by a lucky chance I saved one of their children from being run over.

"The father is a cabman, and we have often compared notes and talked over our 'fares.' He has given me many useful hints.

"I know where are the best places to 'crawl' in, and which are good shelters. I always get masculine fares when I can; ladies are generally so stingy, and have no idea of time, locality, or distance.

"It is an awfully hard life, even in this summer weather. One gets to hate the streets so. What it must be in winter I shudder to think."

"I hope by the winter you will cease to be a cabman," remarked I. "But how is it you are in that costume? It is not your custom to dress for dinner every evening, I presume?"

"Been to a 'swarry,' with boiled mutton and trimmings?" suggested Ralph.

Paul laughed. "No," he said; "my uncle made me give him my address, and the other day I had a note from an old cousin of his and mine, asking me to dine with her to-night. I thought it would be a pleasant change, so I put up the cab at the nearest public-house and went into civilization again. As I came out I remembered the *fete*, and thought I would try if I could pick up a fare there. I was successful you see!"

"*Have* you earned anything?" asked Ralph.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply, "from ten to fifteen dollars a week; but of course, that is because the cab is my own, and a tidy one. The poor fellows who hire them don't clear more than a third of that. The first time I was free from debt, and possessed a couple of dollars, I went to Verrion Court and showed them to my uncle. He took my word for it that they were fairly *earned*, for I have not told him what I do for my living. And now, Miss May," he added, turning to Clarice,

She rose from her chair and said, coldly—

"All this gives me no clue to the reason of your strange treatment of me, and your long silence. I hate mysteries."

"Clarice, Clarice! don't be so hard," he said. "I told you circumstances compelled me to cease from seeing you or writing to you, for a time, and implored you to trust me for six months. Could you not do *that?*"

"Why could you not have told me the truth?" she inquired.

"I could not explain all the wretched business," he said; "and my uncle exacted from me a promise that until I was fairly afloat I would neither see you nor write to you. I only made it for six months, because I fervently hope by that time he will come round, and will help me to a farm, and then———"

Clarice turned away, and Ralph interposed, saying—"

"Come and dine here to-morrow, and we can talk over affairs better; the horse ought really not to be left out there so long."

So he departed, and I went upstairs with Clarice, deeply anxious to hear her account of "our gentlemanly cabman."

She told me she had been staying in the autumn at a place near Verrion Court, where Paul was spending his leave with his uncle, and it chanced that she saw a great deal of him. They fell in love. She was called home by the serious illness of her aunt, and when the old lady partially recovered, and Clarice met Paul again, they became engaged.

Mrs. May was, however, so delicate that her niece would not allow the engagement to be announced. In April, when it could have been spoken of, Paul wrote the letter which had offended her so deeply

The next morning, however, she looked so much brighter that I could see "99's" chances of forgiveness were tolerably good, and I looked forward anxiously to the talk he was to have with my husband.

Ralph considered the cabman business very foolish, and was disposed to think badly of Paul in consequence, but I pointed

out that it was very evident he was sure his uncle would soon relent; that there was, moreover, no harm in the actual trade, or calling, or whatever it was, and that he certainly had worked very hard at it.

Dinner-time came, and with it Mr. Verrion. Simmonds could not help an air of condescension in announcing his name, but there really was nothing of the cabman about his appearance now.

I asked him how it was he was always to be found near our house, and he said he felt so friendless when he first came to London that he was glad to remember having heard Charles speak of us, and easily found our address in the directory. He liked driving me about, he said, and I have no doubt he always hoped he might pilot Charlee too.

After dinner Ralph had a long talk with him, and gave him a great deal of sound advice. It ended in their going together to Verrion Court and making an appeal to Sir Charles.

He did not yield on the first visit, but after a good deal of Ralph's persuasion agreed that Paul should make a trial of a farmer's life by being placed for a year in one of his farms, which chanced just then to be vacant.

If he worked hard, and made it succeed, the old gentleman promised to give him an allowance which would enable him to marry. After all, Sir Charles was very fond of his nephew and heir, and Ralph thought him fully entitled to one more chance.

For the remaining fortnight of Clarice's stay, Paul still enacted cabman, and amongst the pleasant memories the young people will have stored up for the future, not the least amusing will be those of the time when "he" drove us about to concerts, garden parties, theatres and shops.

Clarice has quite recovered her good spirits, and I hear now that Paul has his land in *first-rate* condition, and that everything has prospered on his farm, so Ralph and I expect, before long, to be bidden to the wedding of Our Cabman.

The Bottom of the Sea.

BY A. M. BALDWIN.

I RECENTLY had a conversation with a diver, a person of great intelligence, and of long experience in his calling.

He told me he was afraid of nothing, and he was about the only man that I ever heard say so whom I was willing to believe.

The life of the diver is one of great hardship and exposure, as may be supposed when I say that he may go down on a winter's day and pass hours under water when the air is thick with snow, and when the temperature is so low that the deck of the vessel on the surface is slippery with ice.

It is such a laborious life, for there is a great deal of very hard work to be done in breaking out sunken cargoes and slinging heavy articles. But chiefly it is a perilous life.

It needs but a very little accident to leave the diver dependent upon the minute and a half of air he has in his dress and helmet; and if he cannot help himself in that time he is a dead man.

So numerous, indeed, are the risks, so horribly quick is death when it happens, that it is a little wonderful that men can be found willing to earn five pounds a week whenever a job is given them—and this is not very often—by hazarding their lives in deep water amid the jagged ruins, lacerating and wounding protuberances of wrecked ships.

As my friend truly remarked to me, "Divers don't think much of their lives; they take what comes, and are pretty negligent. I went out once," he continued, "in a smack. None of the men knew anything about the operations of pumping and diving. I wrote down the signals on a piece of paper, thinking that, with this in their hands, they couldn't possibly make a mistake, and then went over the side. After a bit I wanted a pair of stages, and signalled for them. The men, who could scarcely read, looked at the paper, and getting confused took fright and thought I was dying, and set to work to drag me to the surface. I was in a great passion with them for bring me up, though they might have done worse.

"The truth is, we never think. Were we once to take to considering what our risks are—how the least neglect above, the least accident below, might make dead men of us—why, I daresay there would be a good many who'd knock off. A man wants nerves for the work, and that never don't allow of thinking."

"Can you see under water?" I inquired.

"Very seldom. I remember years ago going down to have a look at the wreck of the *Perfarshire*—the vessel Bruce Darling and her father pulled in. I dived just out of curiosity, and saw the old hooker plain enough.

"Oh! that same coast I've been down in water so bright that I've stood among woods as tall as this room, a beautiful garden of them, and watched 'em with delight, almost to forgetting the job I was down there for; and I saw all kinds of fish swimming about, and appearing quite close through the glass in my helmet, though if I put out my hand to them I found them a foot or two away."

"Suppose a swell should dash a diver against anything?" I said.

"It wouldn't hurt him, sir. The dress makes him so light. I have fallen through many a yawn and hole in a ship's decks, fit to break a man's neck and back, you might think, for the depth of it, but have gone down very softly, and come up again just as quietly."

"Can you converse under water?"

"Yes: but very few know how it's done. If you were to stand up face to face with another man each might burst himself with yelling without producing the faintest sound. Now, how do you think you can hear?"

"I cannot imagine."

"By lying down. You and your mate must lie down on your breasts—it must be on your breasts—head to head, or side by side, close, and in that position you'll hear one another as easily as you and I can hear each other in this room.

"When I first found this out I spoke to another diver about it, and he wouldn't believe me. Well, one day we happened to go down to a wreck together. I told him beforehand what position to put himself in; and, after we had been at work some time, we came together, and both laid down, as agreed; and I said—

"'Jim, are there many more casks left in the forehold?'

"'Heaps,' he answered, right off.

"'And so you can hear me?' said I.

"'Ay,' he answered, 'wonderfully plain;' and with that he laughed, and so did I, and we both heard each other's laugh just as we heard each other's words.

"How deep down were you at the time?"

"In about eleven fathoms."

"Have you ever been down to a very old wreck?"

"No, sir; but I remember once going down after a fisherman's trawl and finding myself close to a wreck that I should think, for the shape of her, must have been a hundred years old, and therefore have lain there all that time. I could just dimly make out the green ribs and the timbers covered with barnacles and weed, and I don't know what else."

"And all the wealth that lies at the bottom of the sea—the ingots, doubloons, pieces of eight, the mass of minted money, and the like—have you ever come across a little of it?"

He laughed and answered—

"No; but I've sometimes had the job given me of recovering money out of sunken ships. A case happened the other day.

"A vessel homeward bound foundered in shallow water. The captain and crew had been carried just before they came away from New Zealand, and the only bag containing money and jewels in all of a value of about twenty-five hundred pounds.

"I went down to look for this bag. I groped about, but never seemed to come across the right cabin.

"I came up for a pause of the ship's interior and the remarks I noticed. The captain's cabin was pointed out to me, and I was told that the bag hung on a peg near the door. I heard at the time that there was a talk that the bag had been stolen by another diver, and this made me the more anxious, if possible to find it.

"Well, I went down again, and after a bit felt my way to the cabin I wanted, and put my hand up to the peg, but there was no bag hanging on it.

"'Then,' thought I, 'perhaps it fell to the deck when the ship went down,' and so I stooped and groped, and presently, sure enough, I touched it. It was locked, and when I came up, and the people saw the bag in my hand, they cheered heartily over the proof of the suspected diver's honesty.'

The Maiden and the Czar.

BY E. O. BLACKBURN.

THE father of Peter the Great, Alexis Michaelowitz, was one of the most popular czars Russia ever had, and he would have been one of the greatest of his brilliant race had not eclipsed him.

In romantic love-crowned heads we have read about. Alexis was wont to dress in a plain civilian's garb or a common soldier's uniform, and move among his subjects, thus finding out their likes and dislikes, their wrongs and grievances, and very frequently the moments *stolen* were the result of the private experiences among the people.

Not far from Moscow lived a poor nobleman named Matwieu, who often received visits from the czar in his various disguises. Although Matwieu recognized the czar every time, he was always careful to treat him according to his disguise, so that the other members of his family were entirely ignorant as to the real character of the visitor.

One day the czar visited Matwieu dressed as a captain of the "guards." While conversing together, a young lady entered the room where they were, but immediately retreated when she found it occupied. Alexis saw enough of her to notice that she was beautiful.

"Who is this young lady, Matwieu?" he asked, after she had closed the door. "I never saw her here before."

"That is Nathalie Narajchkin, a distant relative from the country. She is poor, but amiable, and is an apt pupil. I have adopted her in my family, and love her as my own."

"Well," answered the czar, "take good care of her and teach her well, and I will find her a husband and give her a wedding present. Does she know me?"

"She does not, sire. She never goes out. She never saw you."

"Introduce me to her as a simple captain, and do not let her know who I am."

At dinner the czar met Nathalie, and found her a very intelligent and highly interesting maiden, so much so, indeed, that he felt desperately in love with her, and the great Czar of all the Russias was conquered by a modest girl.

From that day the czar came more frequently than ever before, and being handsome and gallant, it was but a short time before Nathalie found herself longing for the visits of the captain. Although no declaration was made, yet she was not blind to the captain's devotion to her.

Matwieu, however, saw with alarm their growing attachment to each other, as he was aware of the fact that the czar was about to choose a wife from among the most handsome noblewomen of the empire, and he feared that his acquaintance with Nathalie would end ignominiously.

On the day before the one appointed by the czar for the choice of his czarina, he once more came to Matwieu as captain.

"Matwieu," he said, "you know that tomorrow I shall make a choice from the ladies of the Kremlin as to who shall share my throne with me. I desire Nathalie to be present and choose for herself a husband from among my courtiers, and whoever the fortunate man shall be, I will rapidly promote him."

"Your will shall be obeyed, sire," answered Matwieu.

"Well, then, remember that for twenty-four more hours I am the 'captain' to Nathalie."

On the evening of the long-expected day the entire city was illuminated, and the palace, the Kremlin, was gorgeously decorated, while the brilliant lights threw their beams far across its surrounding lands. All was gaiety, but with the handsomely attired ladies there was a general feeling of anxiety.

Who would be the happy one? They all rivalled each other in the splendor of dress and sweetness of manners. One, however, was more confident of success than all others, and that was the handsome but haughty Elizabeth, who was considered to be the belle of Moscow.

As the czar had been wont to mingle with these ladies occasionally in various incognitos, while one of his courtiers was representing him, none of the ladies knew whether the czar was present or not. Added to this the gentlemen were all masked. Consequently the ladies were very anxious for the time to approach when the czar should command the masks to be lifted.

A long way back in a corner, with Matwieu, sat the humble Nathalie, with a plain dress, and not a single diamond to adorn her beauty.

She thoroughly enjoyed what was to her no novel a scene. Suddenly she recognized among the masks her lover, by his captain's uniform. As soon as the captain's wandering eyes had found what they looked for half hid in a corner he came to her. She asked him whether or no the czar had made his choice yet.

"No, not yet," answered the captain. "But come with me and I will bring you nearer to the monarch, and who knows but what he may choose you when he sees you."

"Oh, no!" said Nathalie, "I do not desire a crown; and how can I compete with so much beauty." Moreover," she added, looking archly at his eyes as they shone through his mask, "I am happy enough now."

"You are very modest, Nathalie. Remember you may add to the happiness of your czar."

"I do not desire to be a czarina. Please, do not insist any longer," she answered, rather reproachfully.

Alexis saw that the only woman he cared for, loved him also.

Going a few steps away from her, he commanded—"Lift your masks!

A deep silence pervaded the room, and every eye rested on the czar. The ladies trembled with fear and expectation, while the noblemen were curiously waiting to see to whom the honor should fall.

The czar took his crown, and placing it on the head of the modest Nathalie, said:—

"Noblemen, see your czarina!"

The dressed gentleman with whom the haughty Elizabeth had been promenading, and whom she felt sure to be the czar, was the court jester!

THE DERIVATION OF HEALTHS.—The custom of pledging in drinking is said to have had its origin in the murder of Edward, King of the West Saxons, commonly styled the "Martyr."

According to some historians, Edward had only reached the twelfth year of his age when he was crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames by the archbishop Dunstan. This prelate had warmly espoused the cause in opposition to Queen Elfrida, his step-mother, whose ambition prompted her to strive for the succession of her own and younger brother Ethelred.

Edward lived for years after his accession, his reign being marked by no event of importance. His death alone was memorable and tragical.

He was hunting one day in Dorsetshire, on the 18th of March, 978, when, being led by the chase near Corfe Castle, where Elfrida resided, he took the opportunity of paying her a visit, unattended by any of his retinue; and he thereby presented her with the very opportunity for which she had so long wished.

After he had remounted his horse, he desired some liquor to be brought to him; and while he was holding the cup in his hand, a servant of Elfrida approached him, and gave him a stab behind.

The prince, finding himself wounded, put spurs to his horse; but becoming faint from the loss of blood he fell from the saddle, and his foot clinging to the stirrup, he was dragged along by his unruly horse till he expired. Being tracked by the blood, his body was found, and was privately interred.

The youth and innocence of this prince, together with his tragical death, begat such compassion for him among the people that they gave him the appellation of "Martyr," though his murder had no connection with any religious principle or opinion.

This foul and wicked murder of the youthful and unsuspecting monarch naturally struck the whole nation with horror and dismay.

No man considered himself safe after so dreadful a violation of hospitality; and every means were resorted to whereby to testify their detestation of the deed. Hard drinking, the then prevailing vice of the people, gave way before the danger attending its indulgence.

No man would trust himself in the unguarded posture of drinking without some security from the much-dreaded stroke of treachery.

Hence, as we learn from William of Malmesbury, each man required the protection of his neighbor before he would venture, in society, to lift to his lips the much-prized "wassail bowl;" and hence also originated the familiar expression of "pledging," yet retained in common usage, when one friend passes the compliment to another of desiring him *first* to partake of social glass.

It is interesting to note that another curious custom, evidently derived from the same ancient origin, still survives in certain places in connection with the passing of the "loving-cup." Each person as he drinks from it does so standing, the one on each side of him standing at the same time, as if in readiness to shield him from any sudden attack.

LANGUAGES OF THE WORLD.—It is said that the nations of the earth speak about ninety different dialects. But these dialects can be traced to a much smaller number of languages. All these languages are divided into three classes, namely, the Indo-German, which embraces the classical languages and those of modern Europe, the Sanscrit, which embraces all the various languages of India, and the Semitic, which embraces the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, etc. The Hebrew, Latin and Greek are no longer living languages. The Hebrew is written from right to left, and what in the English language would be the end of the book is in Hebrew the beginning of it. The Latin and Greek languages are written from end to right in the same way as the English. The Latin alphabet is the same as the English, or to speak more correctly, the Latin alphabet is used for writing the modern languages, except the German and modern Greek. The modern Greek language is written in the same alphabet that the ancient Greek was written in and the substance of it has, with the exception of the introduction of some foreign and other modern words, undergone but little change since the time of Xenophon and Demosthenes. However, if the substance of the language has undergone but little change, it is otherwise with the form of it.

In modern Greek the verbs are conjugated and the nouns declined in a manner quite different from what they were in the old Greek. Hence, a person knowing only the ancient language could not read a book written in modern Greek, though he might know the meaning of the words when taken disjunctedly.

The Hebrew is the oldest and most poetic of the ancient languages; the Latin is the most copious and sonorous, and the Greek is the most expressive and sublime. All the Old Testament was written in the Hebrew language, and was translated into Greek by seventy skilled interpreters. Some of the New Testament was written in Syro-Chaldaic, some of it in Greek, and some it in Latin. The Syro-Chaldaic, in which, as we have said, some of the New Testament was written, was a derivative from the old Hebrew, and at the time it was spoken was actually called the Hebrew language, but then it was far from being identical with the language of Moses and Aaron and Joshua. The old Hebrew seemed to have received a check from the Babylonian captivity, from which it never recovered, but there is reason to think it did not in the Syro-Chaldaic begin to differ from the old tongue as much as the modern Greek differs from the ancient language in which Demosthenes thundered out philippics against the wily enemy of his country. In regard to modern languages, it is said that the Chinese is the most difficult, the Italian the most soft, the Spanish the most pompous, the French the most polite and passionate, and the English the most copious and energetic. In the English language the scientific terms are most derived from the Greek; the terms of art from the French, Latin, and Italian.

Marvelous Restoration

The cures which are being made by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1648 Girard St., Philadelphia, in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism and all chronic diseases, by their Compound Oxygen Treatment, are indeed marvelous. If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, write for information about this treatment, and it will be promptly sent without charge.

CHARCOAL.—In parts of Michigan, there are charcoal works which consume 40,000 cords of wood per annum. The smoke from this was formerly wasted, but now it is manufactured into chemicals on being blown by immense fans into a partition from which it eventually comes in the form of an acid that is clear as amber. From the acid are produced acetate of lime, alcohol, tar and gas. Each cord of wood contains 20,000 cubic feet of smoke; 2,500,000 feet of air be impelled every twenty-four hours and we have 1,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 250 gallons of alcohol and twenty-five pounds of tar.

Our Young Folks.

THE CREAKING DOOR.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

THERE was once upon a time a beautiful palace, in which lived a king and a queen. The king was a brave, happy, spirited man, who always liked everybody, and whom everybody liked; the queen was very good and beautiful, but had something sad about her face. At first people thought it was because they had no children, but after a little boy was born to them, she looked as sad as ever. The fact was that her hearing was much quicker than other people's—she heard the unhatched chickens moving in their shells, and the beating of every one's heart in the room with her, and the ticking of the church clock at the other end of the town. And this gave her a sorrowful look, because she could not help listening to things which no one else could hear.

The little prince was a most delightful little boy, with high spirits, just like his father, afraid of nothing, and a great favorite with everybody. He was called Prince Sunflower, because his hair was golden and his face as cheerful as the sun. It was a great sight, pass, pass, pass. Oh! you little beauty, come and say how d'ye do to me,' cried the prince, stretching out his hand. The little kitty bounded to the other end of the room, but let herself be caught, and the boy hugged and stroked her with the greatest delight.

"Oh, Raymond, for pity's sake, don't let him touch it! Take it away," exclaimed the queen, who looked as frightened as if she had seen a ghost.

"What, Raymond," said the king coming up and putting his hands on her shoulders, and giving her a kiss, "you're not afraid of a little pussycat. Come, come, I promise you it shan't hurt the child. See how gentle it is, and look how pleased he is with it. Far more pleased than he was with the golden rocking-horse we brought him from the Indies at Hesperus a few days ago. You can't have the heart to spoil the little man's fun. It does my heart good to see him laugh. Well done, pussy!" as the cat jumped over Sunflower's hands, and played all sorts of pretty tricks with everything in the room, except the queen's embroidery silks, which, curiously enough, it would not jump at, even when they were held out to it.

"Oh, Raymond! didn't you hear the door creak?"

"I'm—I don't feel sure. I rather think I was dozing. But why shouldn't it creak if it liked? If it creaks with a little pussycat like that, what must it do with a great clumsy brute like me?"

"Oh, Raymond, whatever you come into the room, the creak of that door is perfect music. It says, 'As no one you love better than all the world will be here directly;' but just now it told me an enemy and a false friend in stockings was coming into the room."

The king laughed at her, not unkindly, but he thought he must take her to the seaside or try first for bright he could spare.

"I'll tell you what," said she, "that little cat, white as it is, has three black hairs on the top of its head."

"Well, and if it has?" said the king.

"Well, that will be enough to you that I have spoken the truth."

"We'll soon see about that," said he, and he moved towards the other window, where Sunflower and the cat were at play together.

"Sunflower, give the kitten to me," said his father.

"Oh no, papa; I can't," said the boy, hugging his play-fellow more closely.

"Sunflower; do you hear?" said the king, looking very much displeased.

"I can't," again said the boy. "I want to have him for my very, very own." He retreated towards the window, which looked on a balcony.

The king followed him. "Give him to me, Sunflower."

The little prince was going to say "I can't," for the third time, when the king put his hand on his wrist, intending to force him to open his hand. Suddenly the kitten bounded out of his arms, out of the window, on to the balcony, up one of the various old flying buttresses which formed part of the palace, where it sat behind a gargoyle, looking triumphantly down upon them. This would not have mattered so much, only the king and queen were seized with horror when they beheld the young prince also dart out on to the balcony, scramble up among the old carvings and ornaments of the buttress, and go climbing about from one part of the roof to the other, wherever the white kitten chose to lead the way.

The father and mother, terrified beyond words, called the servants together and ran down to the court-yard. There they watched the whole thing—the kitten leaping about from narrow ledges, down steep walls, scrambling along the ridges of roofs, and performing more wonders than the most skilful rope-dancer, and poor Sunflower trying vainly to follow it. It was no good their calling; he seemed as if he could not pay any attention to them. At last some one called out, "Shoot it." This was rather dangerous work, for they were so afraid of hurting Sunflower by mistake, but the chief yeoman of the guard, who had never missed anything yet, drew his bow, and took aim straight at the kitten. It was all of no use, the kitten darted down one of the chimneys, and was seen no more, and the arrow just grazed poor Sunflower's right temple, and made it bleed a good deal.

"Stay quite still where you are," said the king severely. Sunflower obeyed. Even from that distance they could see he was crying. Twenty servants ran off in wrong directions for a ladder, and one of the stable-boys, whom nobody had ever thought much of before, had brought one, and was half-way up before the others had had time to get their wits together, and take off their livery coats. He brought Sunflower down, very sooty, a good deal scratched, and so giddy and bewildered that the doctor said he must go to bed directly, and on no account be agitated or excited. When the king went to talk to him about it the next morning, he turned so pale directly the subject was mentioned, that the king could only say, "Well, my boy, I hope you've had a lesson which you will never forget, about minding what's said to you. Will you try now, and remember always to do as you're bid?"

"Yes, father, I'll try," said Sunflower.

The only difference was that the next time the king went out hunting, as the head-groom was holding his stirrup, and the lord chamberlain and the lord high-treasurer were standing beside him, with their hats off (as they always did), the king said to the head-groom—"Fetlock, what's the name of the lad who so helped with the ladder the day before yesterday?"

"Pastern," said the head-groom, turning to the next best groom but one, "what do they call the chap as brings up the buckets and works the pump?"

"Don't know," said Pastern, pulling his own hair. "We always calls him 'Daddy Long Legs!' but I reckon he've go another name."

All this while the king pretended to be talking to the lord high treasurer about the depreciation of a paper currency.

"Can't tell his majesty such a rum kind of name as that," said Fetlock, rubbing his eyebrows.

"Well, then, say Peter Perkins," said Pastern, "we haven't o're another Perkins in the yard, as I knows on; though I'd an uncle once as were called Peter, and an aunt as went by the name of Perkins."

"I understand," said the king, with a dignified bend of the head to the lord treasurer. "A floating balance of some ten or fifteen millions. About that, taking one year with another."

"Yes, your majesty, taking one year with another," said the lord treasurer, whose feet were beginning to get very cold.

"Peter Perkins is the lad's name, please your majesty," said the head groom.

"Tell him to come here, then," said the king. "Gentlemen, I won't detain you."

Peter Perkins came in a minute. His real name was something quite different, but as Fetlock had told him he was to answer to the name of Peter, he only bowed when the king told him he understood that was his name.

"I was very much pleased with your conduct the other day," said the king—"very much pleased, indeed. And now, Peter, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Thank your majesty kindly; but I don't know as how there be," said Peter; and the king thought he had seldom seen such a stupid looking fellow.

"Are you quite sure?" he added.

Peter rubbed his eyes sleepily, and then said—"Not as I knows on, unless I might have my day out, sir, once a month, at the full moon, sir. That is, if it please your majesty."

"Why, of course you may," said the king. "I'll give orders about it. And mind, my good fellow, if there's ever anything else I can do for you, you'll let me know."

"But the full moon! It's an odd fancy," thought the king to himself, as he mounted his horse and rode away. "If he had Saturdays out, or Sundays out, or a fortnight at Midsummer, I should have thought nothing of it. But the full moon! A very odd fancy, indeed."

Now nobody would believe the trouble all the other men in the stables made about this holiday of poor Peter's. It was always the most inconvenient day in the whole month. Either the horses had to be singed or exercised, or one of the other men knocked up just that very day, and Fetlock and Pastern never let him go with a very good grace. If he had not been so very stupid, they would have got something out of him about why and where he wanted to go, but he would not take any of their hints and only muttered grumpily about "T'owd woman at home," when they asked him. But whenever he came back there was sure to be something a little different about him—something in his eyes which looked less stupid than they generally did. Once he came back looking very ill, and walking lame; at other times he would look as if he had quite enjoyed himself, which made the others very jealous. And what was more surprising still, he was always whistling new tunes—tunes that none of the others had ever heard, and where he picked them up no one could possibly guess. At last, after several months were over, Fetlock and Pastern agreed they could stand it no longer, and they would find out what became of him. So the next full moon, after the men had had their suppers and gone to bed, it was agreed that Fetlock should sit up and watch what Peter Perkins was about. So he got behind the water butt, and watched till the moon was up. Presently he heard the stable door open and shut, and saw Peter going off without any bundle or bag, not even a walking-stick, but sauntering along as if he were only going for a quarter of an hour's walk. What was his astonishment when he heard a little squeaky voice saying—"I'm up, are you ready? It is growing late", and the little white kitten sneaked out of a hole, and trotted along in front of Peter.

"Go on!" said Peter, "and mind your own business." The kitten trotted on in the moonlight, and Peter followed it, whistling a tune as usual.

"Charles Wain is beforehand with us to-night," said he, as if speaking to himself. "But he's always before his time, though he drives so crooked."

Presently they came to a wide, smooth river, which ran gurgling on beautifully as the moonlight danced on its ripples, and the rushes waved in the night breeze. A swallow darted close to Peter's ear, and whispered, "Quick, quick; another moment and you will be too late—quick, quick!"

A ferry-boat stood on the shore, and Peter jumped in, the kitten along with him.

"Take me; take me, too!" cried Fetlock, stretching out his hand.

The ferryman shook his head. "Where's your fare?" said he; and, as he spoke, the boat glided off without him.

Peter never turned his head, but Fetlock thought he heard him laugh. He gave one jump forward, in hopes to catch hold of the stern of the boat, but it was too late, a bramble caught his jerkin, and tore a big hole in it; and he went home again, an angry, disappointed man.

Peter came back two days afterwards, looking just as usual. Fetlock could only show his anger by putting on him all the hard work he could; but Peter seemed too stupid to notice it; only once, when Pastern called out, "Why, Tom, what ails thy brand-new jerkin—darned already?" and Peter said, "Torn against a bramble, warn't it, master?" He looked so sly, that if Fetlock had not been somehow a little afraid of him, he would have given him a sound box on the ear.

Meanwhile, Prince Sunflower was growing day by day into a handsome young gentleman, able to go out hunting with his father, but as fond of his mother as ever, though she was obliged to let him go riding away without her sometimes, and never seemed happy till she saw him safe at home again. But one day, as they were sitting at supper, when the firelight danced on the walls, and the silver lamps swung to and from the ceiling, and the golden cups and dishes twinkled and glittered as they were handed from one to the other, and the king's great mastiff, Odin, lay stretched asleep on the hearth, the queen suddenly turned very pale, and set down her cup of wine.

"What is it, Rosalind?" said the king.

"What is the matter, dear mother?" exclaimed the prince.

"Oh, the door, the door!" said she.

"Why, it was only oiled yesterday," said the king.

"Some evil is coming upon our house," said she—"the creak of the door tells me so. Oh, don't let it in—don't let it in!"

But before the words were out of her mouth, the door swung gently open, and a beautiful boy entered. He was dressed in blue velvet, and had long flaxen hair, and a silver harp in his hand, and he smiled so beautifully, and yet had such a modest and gentle manner, that the hardest heart could not have stood out against him, especially when the king noticed that his blue coat was wet with the night rain, and his hair quite out of curl.

"I did not know," said he, blushing all over, and moving towards the door, "I did not know I was coming into the royal presence. I will retire. I crave his majesty's pardon, and yours, madam," making a low obeisance to the queen.

As he did so, she noticed how wet he was, and how the drops were running down from his beautiful hair. She forgot all her fears, and only thought to herself how sorry she should have been if it had been Sunflower, and she put her hand on his shoulder and said, "But, my poor boy, you are wet through. Stand by the fire and dry yourself." And she took a napkin and wiped the rain drops from his shoulders.

He looked more beautiful than ever, standing there in the firelight; and when the king forced him to take a glass of wine, it brought the flush to his cheek which made him seem like a different creature.

"How can I thank your gracious majesties enough for your kindness to a poor orphan minstrel boy?" said he, with something very much like tears in his eyes.

"Nothing I can ever do will repay your kindness. What can I do?"

"Sing us something to your harp," said Sunflower, eagerly.

And again the door creaked, and the queen turned sharply round to see what it was. But no one was there.

"There is a stormy wind up to-night," said the boy, with a little shiver, and a kind of frown passing over his face, as he tuned his harp, and prepared to sing.

At the first verse of the song the king and queen tried to rise from their seats, but found they could not move hand or foot; at the second, they would have cried for help, but the words would not form themselves on their lips; at the third, they saw the harper move towards the door, and tell Sunflower to follow him. In vain the parents gazed speechlessly after him: they could not put out a finger to hinder him, or utter a word to call him back. Only their hearts still were warm and beating, and the tears stole down their poor cheeks, which neither of them had the power to wipe away.

Out into the court-yard, where there was now neither rain or wind, but a bright, frosty night, went the stranger, still playing on his harp, while Sunflower followed him, just as he was, without his hat, or cloak, or dagger. As they passed through the long passage, the yeomen of the guard and the beef-eaters, in their scarlet liveries, gave one bound forward at the sound of the music, and then they too were motionless and speechless. Even the flame of the torches seemed to quiver, and the hands of the court-yard clock stood still. The horses in the stables pricked up their ears, and then stood rooted in their stalls; the men all ran out to see what was going on, and then they too stood, bare-headed and bare-armed, motionless in the frosty air. Sunflower only still followed wherever the harper led him, as a shadow follows a traveler on a sunny morning. But as they crossed the court-yard and came to the great gate, they had to pass by the well where Peter Perkins was drawing water. On and on the harper went, playing his tune, and expecting that this man, like everyone else in the palace, would yield to it. What was his surprise when Peter sprang forth from his corner, seized the harper by the throat, hit him about the head and chest till he knocked him down, seized his silver harp, and bade him begone that instant, if he wished to escape with his life. The harper slunk away, limping and bespattered with mud, through the castle gate.

Sunflower would have followed, but Peter, pointing to the stone threshold, said, "Cross that line, prince, at your peril," and Sunflower stood like a statue, gazing at him as in a dream.

Then Peter took the harp, and straightway began to play a merry stirring tune. And Sunflower woke from his dream, and suddenly said:

"I must go in to the king and queen. How did I get here?"

And one by one the stable-men, and the horses and dogs, and the high clock, and the beef-eaters, and even the king and queen, came to their senses again; and the great dog stretched himself on the hearth, and the torches quivered in the night air, and all was as it had been before. Only the harp was there to remind them. But Peter flung it upon the fire, where it melted and ran away like a silver stream.

And when the king saw Peter the next morning, he asked him again what he should do for him.

But Peter replied, "Nothing; I return your majesty my humble thanks. But I would fain have that unlucky metal melted into silver pennies and given to the poor."

And so the king gave orders, and it was done.

As to Prince Sunflower, he was a little strange for a day or two, but after that he went on just as if it had not happened. Only the queen looked sadder and more anxious than ever, and she gave Peter a portrait of her son and a beautiful embroidered pincushion just like one she had made for Sunflower, all of her own working.

This made Fetlock and Pastern more jealous than ever, and more and more determined to try and find out where Peter went on those full moon nights. They consulted together, and Fetlock told Pastern how it was that the ferryman had refused to take him over because he had no fare.

"I have it it!" exclaimed Pastern, clapping his hands. "Send the rascal out to-morrow for a long, tiresome errand, and when he is gone, we will look in his purse and see what money he keeps there."

So the next day Fetlock told Peter to take some young colts to market in a town about ten miles off, and gave him a great many wrong directions about turns he was to take and houses he was to stop at, on purpose to put him out and hinder him. And when he was fairly started, and the other men were all busy, Pastern and Fetlock went together to the little loft where Peter slept.

There was nothing there but a straw bed and a chair, and a rat-trap, and two or three old bottles, and a heap of chaff in one corner.

"We're off the scent here, I think," said Fetlock, laughing.

"Maybe, but I think I know where the fox has run to earth," said Pastern, pointing to a tiny black corner sticking out of the great heap of chaff.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An exchange says: A one-armed negro boy in Augusta has saved four persons from drowning. This is nothing, however, for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has saved thousands from consumption.

OVER THE SEA.

I am looking back through the days and weeks
That lie in the shadowy land of yore,
And a walking spirit stirs and speaks,
The spirit of dead years gone before.

Speaks with a murmur of mournful sighs,
In a voice that carries the sound of tears,
And, lighting the light of its passionate eyes,
It opens the shroud of the buried years.

The wind is blowing from the wold,
The stars are shining down on the sea,
But the wind is bleak, and the light is cold,
And 'tis only of pain they speak to me,

For the wind once toyed with a silken tress,
And the stars once shone on a saintly face;
And how can a faithful love grow less?
Or a new love take the old love's place?

The sea is swirling up to my feet,
Singing its monody, soft and low;
But the song of the sea is deadly sweet,
For I mind how it slew me years ago.

We have been parted, I and she,
With many a hundred miles between,
And now she was coming across the sea,
(Oh, the sky was blue and the waves were green!)

Coming—and yet she never came!
Meeting—and yet we met no more!
She heard me not when I called her name,
Though the dead might have heard me on that shore.

Oh, love, though my eyes but dimly see,
There is hope in my pathway where I tread,
That over the sea thou wilt sail to me,
In the day when the sea gives up its dead.

BACHELOR AND MAID.

THE term, "old maid," is already almost an extinct one. The world is beginning to realize that many noble women are too honest, too brave, and too pure, to use marriage as a makeshift. And it is plain that there cannot now be in existence more thoughtful, more large-hearted, more self-sacrificing, more modest, tender and truthful women than these.

As society comes to see that a woman is as separate an entity, as distinct an individuality as a man, it will pay less and less regard to her accidents, and more to herself. It will not take it for granted that she has had a "disappointment" at a tender age, or buried her youthful lover, or been the victim of a "misunderstanding," if she write herself "Miss" at forty. Nor will it audibly wonder why a charming woman is unmarried after twenty-five. It will admire her for her admirableness, whether that has had the certificate of some man's expressed approbation or not. It will permit her to live her own life.

In the past, the patience of a single woman has been too complete and self-sacrificing. Almost with one accord have they consented to efface themselves, as the French say, grieving the while in silence that married sisters and pre-occupied brothers-in-law and gay young nieces—alas! that even disappointed parents—were so ready to efface them.

They have seemed content to live only for others. But this virtue of self-sacrifice is greatly misunderstood. To deny one's self for a great end, to help the weak, to relieve the burdened, that is heroic. But only to sew for the idle, to take steps for the inconsiderate, to pamper vanity and folly with endless services, to be an unpaid upper servant for inappreciative kindred, to make one's self of no account that selfishness may prosper, this is slavish, and perpetuates tyranny.

This degrades and belittles her who ministers, as it inflates and misleads her who is ministered unto. By cultivating a little of that selfishness which she sees in others, the single woman may command respect. She should not slight her dress, and put away from her the ornaments and graces of life. They are her armor and defence, her argument and appeal. For it is for her to show, in her own person, how much more is the woman than the wife, and how incontestable is her right to a place in the house, in society, and in the world.

In his earlier days the gallant bachelor has a pleasant time of it. He is sought after in society; receives invitations by the score; is popular among men, because, having no home ties, he is always at their disposal. Matrimony he shuns, and rather laughs at; he is fond of ridiculing the poor fools who have yielded to feminine fascinations and burdened themselves with the care of wives and households. As he puts it, his object in life is to make himself completely comfortable, and this he manages to do.

On the other hand, married men, as he always puts it, don't. Yet he by no means shuns female society; on the contrary, he is fond of it. He is the servant of every attractive woman he meets, and waits upon them all with irresistible politeness. Of course he is cognizant of his wonderful powers of attraction. In bursts of confidence he will tell you that Mildred is dying for him, but that he is not such a fool as to be caught, though the girl is passable. In another burst of confidence he will inform you that old Mrs. Moneybags is working with all her might and main to entrap him for her dear little pet, Florry. But he is not to be caged; the pain his indifference causes does not hurt him. He thinks it the best thing in creation to flirt with a girl until the chase becomes too hot, and then, when she has succumbed to the magic of his influence, to suddenly drop her and betake himself to other sweets.

Such is the gallant bachelor in his palmy days. By-and-by he grows old and unattractive. He ceases to be asked to parties, and haughty beauties learn to turn up their noses when he supplicates for their favor. He is obliged to make room for the younger rivals. People "drop him," and laugh at him because he is vain and selfish, and continues to hanker after admiration; they hold his little follies up to ridicule; use him when it suits them, and forsake him when it suits them.

Perhaps there is no man more hopelessly alone in the world than the gallant bachelor who has outlived the pleasures of youth and turned fifty. The old ties that rendered life dear to him snap one by one, and none form to take their place. He is a social failure, and has no one but himself to blame for it. Is his example worth imitating?

On the whole, young men would do better to love and marry, as did their fathers before them.

Grains of Gold.

Faith is the soul riding at anchor.

Do all you can to be good, and you'll be so.

Violence is the argument of the wrong party.

Disputations leave truth in the middle and party at both ends.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

Do not trust or contend, nor borrow or lend, and you'll gain in the end.

Do not close a letter without reading it, nor drink water without seeing it.

To rule without regard, to urge without reason, are manifest signs of ignorance.

External things are naturally variable, but truth and reason are always the same.

Admonitions come with a good grace from him whose life accords with his teachings.

All virtue lies in a power of denying our own desires where reason does not authorize them.

All real progress is slow. Sudden jerks give a backward impetus, and but little eventual gain.

Strong character, like strong muscle, comes from activity, from warfare, and not from retreat.

There is no elevation for humanity without toil, none without active thought, feeling and purpose.

A man's good fortune very often turns his head; his bad fortune as often averts the head of his friends.

To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common.

The farthest reach of human knowledge is towards the things nearest to the mind of man, the depths of his own conscience.

It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.

We should never wed an opinion for better or for worse; what we take upon good grounds we should lay down upon better.

It is the influence coming from the inner being that gives pain or pleasure, is depressing or elevating, refining or degrading.

Wherever there is excessive wealth, there is also in the train of it excessive poverty; as where the sun is brightest the shade is deepest.

The more debased the moral character, the more benumbed are the stings of conscience, which give to the pure-minded such exquisite pain.

There is in all of us an impediment to perfect happiness; namely, weariness of the things which we possess and a desire for the things which we have not.

To be firm in principle and firm in right-doing is very different from that petty obstinacy which quibbles over every difference of opinion, and insists on every trifling detail, to the weariness and discomfort of every one.

Every one, whatever his opportunities, can exert his own mental powers on what is near to him, and this force will increase with exercise. He can observe, and compare, and reason for himself; and though his knowledge may be limited, his ideas will grow.

Femininities.

"They say 'Man proposes,' but I never found it so," says one who is disconsolate.

A Boston maiden has had a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles made to order for her pet pug.

Dr. Mary Walker tells a Washington interviewer that she will wear pants or nothing. Let her alone!

Teacher: "Now, Lizzie, what is 'calumny?'" Lizzie: "'Calumny' is—is—when nobody does nothing, and somebody goes out and tells on him."

An old lady in Rochester, N. Y., the other day, was anxiously looking for a store where she had bought a pair of corsets some thirty-five years before.

But one female practitioner has thus far taken advantage of the law passed by the Massachusetts Medical Society admitting women to membership.

An Indiana husband has been scalded eighty-one times with hot tea, by his wife, and he has now come to the conclusion that he is entitled to a divorce.

To reduce the number of applications for divorce, a Providence paper suggests that prizes be given married couples who live together for a stipulated term of years.

A "ghost" which has been frightening the inhabitants of Mount Vernon, N. Y., for some time past, was captured a few nights ago, and turns out to be a well-known female.

Although 92 years of age, Mrs. Lucy Leach, one of the oldest inhabitants of Penobscot, Me., still continues to do her own housework, and declares that she is as smart as ever.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Jones of his friend, who looked solemn. "You look as if you had been disappointed in love." "I have been," was the amiable reply. "I'm married."

For arising in her place and controverting statements made by her pastor, reflecting upon the integrity of Job, a colored lady in Brooklyn now chafes under a magisterial bond of $100 to keep the peace.

Baby-faced brides have awakened the indignation of a Canada paper, which appeals for a law prohibiting men and women from marrying "until they are twenty-three or twenty-four years of age," at any rate.

The defense put in by a man in a New York police court, the other day, arraigned on a charge of beating his wife, was, that she had hidden his wooden leg in the cellar so that he could not go out of the house.

A gentleman of this city, on being asked if he liked the German opera at the New York Metropolitan, replied that he really could not tell; there was much talking in the boxes that he might about as well have been anywhere else.

A benevolent lady in New York runs a home especially for cash girls. She began two years ago in a little parlor with five or six girls, and has since so enlarged her work that in the last year she entertained and assisted 2,500 children and young sales-girls.

Boston girl—"Oh, please don't perambulate so fast. Poor little doggie is so prostrated as to be hardly cognizant of his surroundings." Her escort—"Oh, don't worry about your dog. He isn't at all tired." Boston girl—"Not tired! Look at his pendant tongue, and just see how he mumentionables."

They reproach an aged millionaire with his miserly practices. "Here you are a wealthy man, yet you put out your ash barrel every day with your own hands, to save a few miserable pennies." "Well, I guess you are right; it is hardly the thing for a man in my position to do. Hereafter I'll make my wife do it."

Marriage is not an arbitrary institution. It is the physical and moral union of one man and one woman, who thus become one person; and all injury offered to marriage, to its unity, its holiness, is a violation of natural law, a senseless rebellion against the Creator, a source of miseries and disorders almost innumerable.

Early marriages are popular at Tennant's Harbor, Me. A girl of 13 was married there December 6. Most of the girls are married between 12 and 15 years of age, and it is said to be nothing uncommon to find in the same family parents and from one to four children drawing school money. The mother trots her babe while she is yet thirteen years of age.

They were standing at the front gate. "Won't you come into the parlor and sit a little while, Georgie dear?" "N-o, I think not," replied George, hesitatingly. "I wish you would," the girl went on; "it's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out, and father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in his legs." "Both legs?" asked George. "Yes, both legs." "Then I'll come in."

"The world is full of deceit," said old Mr. Squaggs, "and women is mostly at the bottom of it." "I know it," said old Mrs. Squaggs; "it is after a man gets a wife that he begins to practice deceit. If he hadn't a wife he wouldn't need to say so much about where he spends his evenings. You are perfectly right. It's the women that cause the deceit." Old Mr. Squaggs became very thoughtful.

In England there are 114,000 schoolteachers, 65 per cent. of whom are spinsters. In Athens, Greece, the proportion is quite as great, while the entrance by young women into that occupation there means almost as certainly a life of single blessedness as though they had taken the veil. Occasionally it happens that one marries, but she is ever after regarded by her late spinster associates as having had a weakness in her composition that rendered her unworthy of the profession.

A female suffrage canvasser came with a petition one day to an old farmer, and politely asked him if he would sign it. He eyed the document suspiciously for a time, and then asked: "What is it?" "A petition in favor of the woman's movement," she responded, in her most insinuating tone of voice. "Then I'm agin it!" said the agriculturist, with the emphasis of a man who had some domestic infelicity. "A woman who's allus a-movin' is allus a-gettin into trouble. If you've got anything to keep her still, I'll sign it."

News Notes.

Massachusetts built only 20 miles of new railway last year.

A canary, reputed to be 25 years old, died recently in Connecticut.

Florida strawberries are selling in New York for 10 cents apiece.

They are eating third crop apples, well matured in Cumming, Ga.

The United States uses three times as much paint as any other country.

A war on bill-board displays of objectionable posters has opened in New York City.

Rails county, Missouri, boasts of a thirteen months' old child with three distinct heads.

Snake skins are now extensively used in the production of purses, diary covers, and the like.

A Vineyard Haven, Mass., man's cat goes in the table every night and sleeps on the horse's back.

In Great Britain it is found that one hundred male dogs go mad as compared with fourteen female.

An eagle that died in Vienna not long ago, is said to have been in captivity not less than 115 years.

In the present Maine Legislature there are 36 farmers, 19 merchants, 15 lawyers, and 11 manufacturers.

A colored resident of Bartow county, Ga., has just had a pair of shoes made for him which are 18s in size.

At the present date there are about 180,000 acres of grape vines in California, valued at about $70,000,000.

From a single grapevine in Levy county, Florida, one thousand pounds of grapes were taken this season.

The prisons in Austria are to be lighted with electricity, if experiments now in progress turn out favorably.

A Long Island boy, aged 16, who was bitten, in November, by a spider, has just died from its poisonous effects.

An English doctor asserts that a person who can "wag his ears" is a suspicious character, and cannot be trusted.

Balloon races are about to be started in Paris. The object of the contestants will be to reach a designated point.

A Berlin physician was fined the other day for not keeping himself informed on the modern methods of practice.

For publishing a translation of one of Zola's novels, a Dresden publisher has been sent to prison for one month.

The latest cut down in pay is in the case of the Mayor of Auburn, Me., who is reduced from $250 to $200 per annum.

From Bridgeton, N. J., there is reported the case of a woman who works for a living, and eats nothing but mint drops.

The colored race in the United States is estimated at 7,000,000 strong, and their property holdings exceeds $100,000,000.

Over thirteen bodies are awaiting cremation in the furnace of the New York Cremation Society, at Mt. Olivet, N. Y.

A tramp was arrested the other day at Peekskill, N. Y., and boasts of having been locked up as a vagrant in 134 jails.

A steamer lately arrived at London, with 25,000 carcasses of frozen New Zealand sheep on board, all in good condition.

The Tennessee Supreme Court has decided that the business of building associations throughout Tennessee is usurious.

Horse-racing, unknown to any extent in Mexico, a few years ago, is said to be gradually supplanting the bull fight in that country.

A three-year-old hog that is eight feet long, and weighs 1075 pounds, is among the exhibits of California at the New Orleans Exposition.

The editors, type-setters, book-keepers, collectors and agents of the *Freeman*, the colored organ published in New York, are all colored men.

London is now one of the quietest cities in the world, in consequence of the prevalence of wood or asphalt pavement in all the chief thoroughfares.

A Georgia jury has been out two weeks without agreeing upon a verdict in the case of a man charged with peddling spectacles without a license.

A conscientious ex-horse car conductor in Jersey City has sent the company fifty dollars, the amount of "knock downs" while he was on the road.

Applicants for admission to the Boston Fire Department, after March 31, 1885, will have to pass an examination by the State Civil Service Commission.

It is recorded of Goethe, the German poet, that at the age of eighty-two he declared that during all his life he had been actually happy only a quarter of an hour.

A Maine man, who received two years ago a legacy of $40,000, paid over his last nickel for whisky the other day, and rolled into a snow-bank to freeze to death.

Baron Rothschild once advertised for a chef who could concoct 365 different soups, one for each day in the year. He found him, and paid him a salary of $10,000 a year.

London mail carriers now call at private residences for parcels, the names do express messengers in this country. A scarlet card is furnished by the postal authorities, which, when displayed in the window, ensures a call from the postman.

A Camden man went to a physician with what he feared was a hopeless case of heart disease, but was relieved on finding out that the creaking sound which he had heard at every deep breath, was caused by a little pulley on his patent suspenders.

The Invisible Hand.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

I CANNOT pretend to explain away or to account for the following incidents. I am not a fanciful or imaginative man, and if ever I thought of "ghosts," or took part in any conversation of which they happened to be the topic, it was always to throw ridicule upon them. That I shall never do again. The sceptical reader may declare that what I am about to relate was the result of a dream or hallucination. I know that I was never in fuller possession of my waking senses, and that I actually saw and went through the following experience.

It is about seven years ago since the announcement appeared in a local paper that "Shulton Villa," a most desirable, excellently ventilated, and advantageously situated residence, was to be let. I had long been in search of a suitable house for myself and my family, and regularly every day had described a circuit of about seven or eight miles round the fair city of Exeter with the most disheartening results.

It was while plunged in despair at my non-success that the above advertisement one morning attracted the eye of my wife. We eagerly caught at the prospect of such a solution to our difficulty; it seemed a blessing indeed after so much labor spent in vain. The preliminaries were arranged, and in due time we were installed in our new home.

After about a week's sojourn, however, we began to be unpleasantly conscious that by the surrounding inhabitants, and the peasantry in particular, we were regarded with absorbing interest and curiosity; and it was not until Jane, one of our domestics, had captured the heart of a certain son of toil that any clue was afforded to the mystery. Then we learnt for the first time since taking our new residence, that it bore the reputation of being haunted.

A former proprietor, so ran the story among the ignorant villagers, had surprised his daughter, one evening, inditing a loving epistle to the son of his enemy; had seized it over her shoulder, and after reading it, had compelled her to write another appointing a meeting in that room that very night. Providing himself with a pistol, the enraged father himself met the young lover, and after bestowing upon him hot words, presented a loaded revolver at the young man's breast. This was probably done merely to intimidate the hero, but at that very moment the door was flung open by his daughter, who, taking in the terrible situation at a glance, cast herself upon the form of her lover.

This seems to have turned the father's wavering purpose into a fixed determination. At any rate, whether from accident or design, the pistol went off, and before the wretched man's gaze the next moment were the dying forms of his daughter and his enemy's son. Casting himself wildly before them in passionate grief, the terror-stricken father besought forgiveness. It was too late. No word escaped their lips, and ere he could summon assistance he felt upon his brow the brand of Cain.

That night the master of the house disappeared, and some fishermen, rowing on the river the following morning, discovered his body floating down with the tide.

Thus ran this very tragic story; and, as it appeared on further inquiry, our new and enviable residence, unknown to us, had been let and re-let again and again. On each occasion the tenants had quitted it after a very short stay, from some unknown cause, and this had at last given the house the reputation of being in the possession of disembodied spirits.

I was sitting at half-past eleven, one night in the latter part of February, in the room I used as my study, busily writing, when my mind in a careless fashion reverted to this superstition concerning "Shulton Villa." I had not been thinking of the story, which seemed in some strange manner to be borne in upon my mind. My wife and children and our servants had retired to rest, and my thoughts were undisturbed by the slightest sound. All about the house was as silent as the grave.

At the same moment that I began to recall the legend in the form in which it had reached me, it suddenly flashed across me that I was seated in the very room in which the terrible deed was said to have been enacted.

I am by no means a superstitious man, but the dead silence in the house and the wind moaning among the tall trees without, and the hollow ringing sound produced by my own footsteps whenever I moved to stretch myself, combined with the influence of the supposed witching hour were calculated to produce a certain sensation of awe even in the most unimaginative of mortals. I again settled myself to my work, but I quickly discovered that it was almost impossible to divert my thoughts from the subject of the haunted room.

My writing—a philosophical treatise that I was preparing for a quarterly review—was spread out on the table before me, and I had leant back upon my chair in a futile endeavor to get again into my train of thought; my eyes meantime, being bent listlessly upon the paper. It was while gazing thus that, to my utter astonishment, I beheld the sheets slowly rise from the table and move forward in the direction of my shoulder as if drawn there from behind me by some Invisible Hand.

The lamp had burnt rather low, and a gentle, subdued light was in the room, and in it I saw distinctly the paper shake and quiver (but without a single rustle or noise of any kind), as if the hand that held it was violently trembling. I felt myself quite powerless either to move or utter a sound; my tongue became rooted to my mouth, and my hair seemed to assume a perpendicular position.

By a great effort of will I pushed back the chair and rose from my seat and the paper as I did so fell silently upon the table. I drew my handkerchief from my pocket and wiped my forehead, and walked round to where the lamp burned to turn it up. As I did so my eyes fell upon the opposite side of the wall and rested for a moment upon the portrait of the dead master of the house. I involuntarily shuddered, I knew not why, at the sight, and then my gaze dropped to the chair I had just quitted, and behind it I saw, with the utmost vividness, the outline of a human form.

The features, as I looked, became plainly visible and were those of the picture on the wall. Transfixed to the spot, my hand resting upon the lamp, unable to move it up, I watched the countenance of the figure and saw that it was convulsed with rage and surprise. For a moment I thought a fearful gaze was fixed upon me, when its hand slowly rose and was shaken furiously at some invisible object apparently in the seat I had left. The expression next changed to one of intense malice and anticipated revenge, and the forefinger pointed to the paper on the table.

Drawing a deep breath, I still gazed at my unearthly visitant. For the moment all fear had left me, and I waited calmly for what was to follow. I assert this most emphatically. From the gestures of the figure there appeared to be another invisible personage in the room whom it was upbraiding. Suddenly a frightful change passed over the distorted features and I beheld written upon them as if it had been stamped in legible letters the word "Murder." My lips tried to cry "Forbear," but no sound escaped them. The horrible despair upon that face which followed, as succeeding some rash deed, was awful to witness, and it haunted me for many a long day after. The figure wrung its hands with a look of unspeakable agony, and to my horror was stealthily turning its eyes full upon me, when the lamp, which up to now had been burning low, suddenly went out and left me in total darkness.

How long I stood there I know not; but at last, with a feeling of faintness, I groped my way to the door and made for my wife's room. She was awakened by my coming upstairs, and in wonderment beheld my staggering gait and pallid countenance; and looked with astonishment at the glass of brandy which I swallowed at a gulp.

In less than a week our excellently situated and enviable residence had lost its tenants and we were numbered amongst the panic-stricken occupiers of the past. Many times after our departure I read that "Shulton Villa" was to be let. But the last time the announcement was varied. Through the medium of the same local paper, a paragraph informed me that "Shulton Villa" was to be pulled down and a church erected on the site out of the bounty of a lately deceased Lord of the Manor.

A CAT'S DEVOTION.—The following remarkable illustration of maternal devotion among animals occurred in connection with the burning of a public concert-room. One of the proprietors of the establishment possessed a favorite tabby-and-tortoise-shell cat, which was well-known to those who were in the habit of attending the various entertainments given. The cat had a family of four kittens, which she was allowed to keep in a basket at the rear of the orchestra. Soon after the fire was discovered, the cat was seen rushing about frantically. She several times attempted to make her way down the corridor in the direction of the orchestra, but each time she was beaten back by the smoke. At last she seemed to pluck up courage, and, making another run, she was lost to view amidst the smoke. Presently she reappeared with one of the kittens in her mouth. This she laid carefully down near her master's feet in the cloak-room, which the fire had not touched. Again she rushed through the smoke, and again reappeared with a kitten, and this manœuvre she repeated the third time. She was now apparently half-blinded and choked by the smoke she had passed through, and it was thought that she would be content; but she seemed unable to rest while she knew that one of her kittens was still in danger; and giving a look at the little struggling group on the floor, the cat, evading someone who tried to stop her, once more dashed down the corridor towards the seething mass of flames, which by this time enveloped the orchestra and the whole of the lower end of the room. Her return was anxiously awaited, but she did not come back. Afterwards, while examining the ruins, some of the firemen came across the charred and blackened remains of the mother and kitten lying side by side where the fire had apparently overtaken them.

A SILK CANNON.—A German inventor has brought out, theoretically, a silk cannon. It is to have a steel tube wrapped with silk to a diameter corresponding with the ballastic strength required. His argument is that silk has greater elasticity than steel, and quite as much tenacity, while the weight of a silk gun would be only one-third of that of a steel one, and it could be fired much oftener without getting hot.

FOR the removal of dandruff, and for curing humors of the scalp, nothing can be better than Ayer's Hair Vigor.

WHAT IS QUARANTINE?

THE yellow flag flying from a ship is a sight that, above all others, appals the inhabitants of our seaports. It means that there is pestilence on board. The trouble may have broken out during the voyage, or it may have been carried from an infected port.

The masters of these ships are bound under heavy penalties to hoist the yellow flag when meeting other vessels on the open sea, and on coming within two leagues of the shore.

When a ship leaves a port, she is usually furnished with a document called a bill of health. A "clean" bill signifies that the port from which the vessel sailed was free from infectious disease; a "touched" bill indicates that there was a suspicion that disease was present; and a "foul" bill shows that disease was actually raging.

A ship at anchor, and flying the yellow flag, is said to be in quarantine. Now-a-days, this word is almost wholly used in connection with vessels that are compelled, for the reasons stated, to abstain from communication with the shore. Indeed, few persons are aware that quarantine has any other but a nautical significance. And yet the word was at one time common enough in other connections, its meaning being "a period of forty days."

Why forty days are particularly specified it is difficult to determine. The same period is frequently and mysteriously prominent in connection with certain laws and beliefs both in sacred history and heathen superstitions. The most reasonable explanation of the matter is that the people of different eras have been influenced by the duration of Lent, which commemorates the forty days' fast of Christ in the wilderness. Another, and less probable, interpretation of the subject is, that the time was taken from the opinions of physicians with regard to the critical stages of several diseases.

The period of prohibition is not unalterably fixed at forty days, but may be varied according to the exigencies of the case under notice. Neither is quarantine wholly connected with the sea-boards of countries. Measures are frequently adopted for isolating passengers and conveyances on the frontiers of inland countries.

It is well known that during the occupation of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, a station for those who suffered from contagious diseases was erected in a solitary place outside the walls of the city, and called the hospital of St. Lazarus. From that name is derived the modern lazaretto.

Quarantine proper, however, found its origin during the fourteenth century, when the great plague began its devastation in Europe. Originating in China a few years previously, that terrible pestilence entered Europe in the year 1348. The figures regarding its mortality appal the imagination. In China, and other countries of the East, it has been stated that no fewer than 37,000,000 persons succumbed to the plague. In Europe the number of persons who died was at least 25,000,000. London alone lost 700,000.

The first regulation regarding quarantine was promulated by Viscount Bernabo, of Reggio, in Italy. It was dated January January 17th, 1734; but there is a statement to the effect that occasional precautions were begun in Florence in 1348.

These early enactments were darkly stained by superstition and inhumanity. The work was accomplished by the Venetians, who were then at the summit of their commercial affluence. In 1448 the Senate of Venice passed a code of enactments known as the laws of quarantine.

By the same power the first regularly-organized lazaretto, or pest-house, was erected on the island of Sardinia, in 1458, and another in 1468. Bills of health, also, were first employed in Italy in 1527, and were in general use a hundred years later.

QUEER CURRENCY.—The city clerk of Concord, N. H., paid bounty on ninety-three bushels of grasshoppers during the past year. Out in Dakota they got to paying bounty on gopher tails, and now they are used as currency, being worth five cents apiece. If it keeps on at this rate, the New Hampshire people will get to using grasshoppers for currency. Imagine a man rushing into a store or bank and asking the book-keeper to give him large bills for a bushel of grasshoppers. This might work well among the men folks, but if a lady should attempt to get a dollar changed in a street car and receive a handful of horrid dried-up old grasshoppers in exchange, there would certainly be a lively scene. Then, too, grasshoppers, after they had been dead for a certain length of time, are liable to smell a sort of musty; and if a young man should call on his best girl with a lot of those defunct insects in his clothes, she would "give him the mitten," for fear of catching some kind of disease. The best thing that the city clerk of Concord can do is to ship those grasshoppers out to some Indian reservation, and let the Indians have a banquet. It will not only be an act of charity, but it will be the means of saving a few pet cats and dogs in the neighboring settlements, which at present the Indians are stealing for food.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 199 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the receipt free of charge.

LEFT ALONE.

The child that stumbles on his way,
When almost fit to walk he's grown,
Of him one's very apt to say
He's yet too young to leave alone.

When big enough to romp and play,
And for the sugar-bowl he's prone,
His mother then may often say
He's too old to be left alone.

But in that happy, blissful time,
When some sweet maid he calls his own—
They ask no more from all the world
Than simply this: Leave us alone.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

A watch-word—Tick.

When is coffee like the earth? When it is ground.

The limbs of the law are suited with breeches of promise.

The bill collector's work is always dun before he gets his pay.

Inquirer asks: "Why is it that so many dogs have fleas?" To be perfectly honest, we think it is because there are so many fleas.

If you throw a piece of wrought iron at a man it becomes cast iron. Manufacturers ought to be able to utilize this idea in some way.

Boy (with feeling)—"I'm an orphan, and father's broke his legs and is in jail, and mother's in an insane asylum, and if I go home without money, they'll lick me."

A new violinist is causing a sensation in Vienna. It ought not to be very difficult for an able-bodied man to create a sensation with a violin. If he played badly enough he could create a panic.

An English writer insists that a man should use both hands equally well. Bless your simple soul, man, he does, over in this country. He drives with one hand, and—tra, la, la, trill, la, la, loo!

"Yes, judge," said a prisoner, "I admit that my trousers was tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away; but if you call that stealing a dog, no man on earth is safe from committing crime."

A mendicant approached a Westchester man on the cars, the other day, and said: "Dear sir, I've lost my leg." To which the Westchester man replied, as he hurried away: "My dear friend, I have not seen anything of it."

Vital Questions!!!!

Ask the most eminent physicians

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like, refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops!!!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically *"Buchu!!!"*

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations, that no disease or ill-health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patient

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pains of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Gossamer Garments Free!

To introduce "Happy Days," our new 16-page Illustrated Magazine, we will send free to any lady sending 25 cents in stamps for 3 months subscription, **two Lady's Full Size Waterproof Gossamer Garments** with catalogue of other useful Goods, provided they will show them to their friends and induce other sales. Address, Pubs. Happy Days, Hartford, Ct.

50 Handsomest Satin Finish Embossed Chromo Cards you ever saw, with name, and present, 10c. 3 pks. & Beautiful Prize, 25c. Potter & Co., Montowese, Ct.

50 Embossed Chromo Cards for 1883, name on, 10c Present with each pk. Potter & Co, Montowese, Ct

144 Scrap Pictures and 10 Album Quotations, only 10c. Scrap Sample Book 6c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

New Publications.

MAGAZINES.

Whether we agree with Mr. Beecher or not, few men can speak or write on any subject of public interest with so great a certainty that everybody will want to know what they say. In discussing the question as to how far ministers may properly go in politics,—which he does in the *North American Review* for February,—the great preacher shows himself to advantage perhaps all the more because it is a matter that touches him personally as well as professionally. In the same number of the Review, the question, "How shall the President be Elected?" is ably treated by five happily chosen writers, viz., two United States Senators, Dawes and Vance; a college president, F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia; a New York lawyer Roger A. Pryor; and a well-known journalist, William Purcell. Another notable article in this unusually strong number is a review of Holmes' Life of Emerson, by the veteran historian George Bancroft; and still another is an essay by Prof. C. A. Young on Theories regarding the Sun's Corona, which he skilfully brings within popular comprehension. The Rev. Dr. W. G. T. Shedd defends the dogma of Endless Punishment, and Prof. G. Stanley Hall writes on New Departures in Education. The North American Review, New York.

The traveling public will read with interest Prof Thomson's articles in the February *Popular Science Monthly* on The Sight and Hearing of Railway Employes. In, The Larger Import of Scientific Education, Major Powell claims preference for such education because it gives the highest mental culture. In, Evolution and the Destiny of Man, Mr. W. D. Le Sueur sharply reviews Professor Fiske's book on that subject. Prof. H. P. Armsby, contributes a paper defining the conditions essential to make Field Experiments in Agriculture, successful and instructive. Lucy M. Hall, M. D., offers some excellent observations on the general objects to be sought and the direction taken, in the Physical Training of Girls, Dr. von Pettenkofer's paper on Cholera; its Home and its Travels, will command attention. D. Cl. T. Campbell presents some interesting figures from statistics of the Odd Fellows bearing on the subject of, Sick-Rates and Death-Rates. Other articles, equally worthy of attention with these, are a curious illustrated paper on Calculating Machines; Food and Feeding; Sulphur and its Extraction, with illustrations of apparatus; Properties and Constitution of Sea-Water; Mattieu Williams' Monthly instalment of The Chemistry of Cookery, and Why Bird's Sing. The portrait and sketch are of Sir David Brewster. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Fifty cents a number $5 a year.

St. Nicholas for February opens with the first chapters of a new serial by E. P. Roe. It tells how a family in moderate circumstances was driven from the confinement of a city 'flat' to the freedom of a country farm. Another prominent and valuable feature of the mid-winter St. Nicholas is Gail Hamilton's English Kings in a Nut-Shell. Portraits of nearly every person mentioned, with many other Illustrations, accompany the descriptive text. Nora Perry is the first author to contribute to the Garden of Girls series. The story is entitled Tyrant Tacy, and is a charmingly written account of a girl's conquest of herself. There is also a bright little Masque, or Miracle-play, as it was called by its author, the late Wm. M. Baker, author of His Majesty, Myself. The idea is very novel and bids fair to be popular. Palmer Cox tells in his inimitable pictures and verses story of the Brownies' Return to their native land, and the ingenious manner in which they accomplish it; Ralph's Winter Carnival tells of a boy's visit to the winter Carnival at Montreal; and W. T. Peters and Margaret Johnson are contributors of bright valentine verses. In the serials—Davy and the Goblin visit Robinson Crusoe—Mr. Stockton takes his Personally Conducted party to the queer burial ground of Genoa—Edmund Alton imparts some more of what he absorbed Among the Lawmakers—and we learn about Murillo in Mrs Clement's stories of Art and Artists. The Century Co., New York.

NEW MUSIC.

Two very good songs are just published by the well known house of Chas. D. Blake & Co., Boston, Mass. "Stand by Your Mother, Jack" is already extremely popular, and its very easy and winning melody explains the reason. It is particularly suited for tenor or baritone. Price 40 cents. "I'm So Shy" is a serio-comic song and refrain in waltz time. The air is bright and catching and well calculated to bring out the dash in a singer's style at its best. Price 40 cents.

A FLOW of words is no proof of wisdom.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Facetiæ.

Baby—A crying evil you can only aggravate by putting down.

With umbrellas, like men, it is generally the poorest that gets left.

Why is iron sometimes like a band of robbers? Because it is united to steel.

"This is the fit time and place," calmly remarked the cat, and then she had one.

"Can a man marry his widow's sister?" is one of the traps laid for unreflecting persons.

A scapegrace remarked that the principal branch of education in his school was a willow branch.

Marriage promotes longevity among men, notwithstanding its tendency to produce premature baldness.

Why are pawnbrokers like pioneers of progress? Because they are always ready to make an advance.

A spring poet sings: "Will they miss me, I wonder?" If they do, they ought never to fire another gun.

A little boy and girl had been cautioned never to take the nest egg when gathering the eggs; but one evening the girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for the house. Her brother followed, crying: "Mother, Susy's got the egg the old hen measures by!"

"I wouldn't marry a street car driver," said a beautiful heiress. "And why not, pray?" asked another beautiful heiress. "Because," answered the first beautiful heiress. "Because what?" queried the second beautiful heiress. "Because he must have cold feet," said the second beautiful heiress.

"You have been up before me half a dozen times this year," said a magistrate, severely, to a local vagrant, who thus made answer: "Come, now, judge—none of that; every time I've been here I've seen you here. You are here more than I am. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

"Well, sir," said the judge to a man who was brought before him on a charge of assault and battery, "you say this man struck you?" "Yes, sir, he did." "Did you retaliate?" "No, sir—I wouldn't do such a mean thing as that." "What did you do, then?" "Well, I just gave him the awfulest lickin' he ever got."

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself to fight with a boy so much smaller than yourself? I really can't understand it," said a clerical-looking gentleman to a big boy who was imposing on a small one. "So you can't understand it?" retorted the young ruffian, impudently. "No, I can't." "Then, why do you meddle with things you don't understand?"

A young tenor obtained a hearing before a director of one of the provincial theatres. He sang, but the manager stopped him at the end of three or four notes. "Very well," he said, "leave your address, and I will think of you if it should happen—" "What do you mean by 'if it should happen?'" interrupted the young tenor. "Well, if my theatre should burn—" "Well?" "I should engage you to cry 'Fire!'"

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

Humphreys' Homeopathic

Specific No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for

Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,

and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS or sent post paid on receipt of price. Address, **Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.**

For New Roofs. *For Old Roofs.*

Roofing

Price low; anybody can apply on Steep or Flat surface; materials durable. Fire proof. Send at once for Illustrated Book. Ind. Paint & Roofing Co., Phila., Pa.

A CORN SHELLER FREE

The New "Hartford" Corn Sheller is the best complicated and easiest working sheller manufactured, and thereby saves shelling the cobs from the corn that is not thrown out of order. To introduce our New Catalogue of Farm Implements, Cutlery, &c., and the "Home Guest," the well-known and popular magazine for the home, we will send One Sample Sheller, prepaid, and the Magazine three months free to any person who will agree to show the sheller to their neighbors and endeavor to induce other sales for us. Send 75c. to pay the cost of this advertisement and to convince us that you are acting in good faith, and the sheller will be shipped you at once. Address S. H. BABCOCK & CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

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SONGS 180 comic & sentimental songs for TEN CENTS & catalogue of Musical Goods free. Lynn & Co 769 Broadway, New York

Twin Foes to Life

Are **Indigestion** and **Constipation.** Their primary symptoms are among the most distressing of minor human ailments, and a host of diseases, speedily resultant from them, mutually aggravate each other and assail at once the whole machinery of life. **Nausea, Foul Breath, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Headaches, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Kidney Diseases, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dropsy,** and various **Skin Disorders,** are among the symptoms and maladies caused by derangement of of the stomach and bowels.

A Thorough Purgative

medicine is the first necessity for cure. Then the cathartic effect must be maintained, in a mild degree, just sufficient to prevent a recurrence of costiveness, and at the same time the liver, kidneys and stomach must be stimulated and strengthened.

Ayer's Pills

Accomplish this restorative work better than any other medicine. They are searching and thorough, yet mild, in their purgative action. They do not gripe the patient, and do not induce a costive reaction, as is the effect of other cathartics. Withal, they possess special properties, diuretic, hepatic and tonic, of the highest medicinal value and

Absolutely Cure

All diseases proceeding from disorder of the digestive and assimilatory organs. The prompt use of AYER'S PILLS to correct the first indications of costiveness, averts the serious illnesses which neglect of that condition would inevitably induce. All irregularities in the action of the bowels — looseness as well as constipation — are beneficially controlled by AYER'S PILLS, and for the stimulation of digestive organs weakened by long-continued dyspepsia, one or two of AYER'S PILLS daily, after dinner, will do more good than anything else.

Leading Physicians Concede

That AYER'S PILLS are the best of all cathartic medicines, and many practitioners, of the highest standing, customarily prescribe them.

AYER'S PILLS,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists]

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AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful Electric Corsets. Sample free to those becoming agents. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N. Y.

WANTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who wish to make $3 to $4 a day easily at their own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Address with stamp Crown M'f'g. Co., 324 Vine St., Cin'ti, O.

CANVASSERS wanted for a book just out. Send name on postal. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, Box 820, St. Louis, Mo.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 60 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

LADIES

PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. *Sealed particulars 2 cts.* Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. Outfit 25c. Agents' Album, Fine Ring for Mr. Agt. Allbig Bros. Northford, Ct.

WANTED—LADIES OR GENTLEMEN to take light, pleasant work at their own homes (distance no objection). Work sent by mail. $2 to $5 a day can be quietly made. No canvassing. Please address Globe Manuf'g Co., Boston, Mass., Box 5561.

SOLD HIGHEST KEY WINDING AND SETTING AND NOT WEAR OUT by watchmakers. By mail 25c. Circulars free. J. S. Buck & Co., 58 Dey St., N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio

60 New Style, Embossed Ribbon Name and Chromo Visiting Cards no 2 alike, name on, 10c., 3 packs $1. Warranted best sold. Sample Book, &c. in. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

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ONE HUNDRED

Of the Most Popular Songs,

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SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

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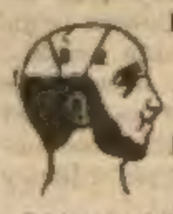

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Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER YEN TILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE great increase in the number of figured woollen materials makes it an easy matter to provide useful costumes that are of a more dressy character than those made of plain material only; plain vigogne and Indian cashmere combine best with these new stripes, frise, and broche woollens. Woollen taffetas is a useful fabric employed in the same way.

The use of heavier materials has brought kilts and pleats to the front once more, and with them many varieties of flat trimmings. The monotony of a pleated skirt is often broken by the alternation of bands of velvet between groups of four or five pleats.

Braids of all descriptions play a great part in the ornamentation of dresses; they are placed in horizontal or vertical bands, these last terminating in loops that fall over the pleating edging the skirt. When used in this way, three or four rows of the braid, or of ribbon velvet, are placed together, so that they form rather wide stripes, the spaces between being either plain or filled in with pleats of the dress material. The plain tinsel and fancy braids are considered more novel and stylish than velvet, but it is after all very much a matter of taste.

Another way of varying the trimming is to put the braid on about four inches above the edge of the skirt, in a Greek key pattern or a scroll, or to interlace it in some bold and simple pattern.

Braid is again used for trimming jackets; the collar is covered by a single row of wide braid, the paraments are formed in the same way, and the side of the front that buttons over the other is either edged or bound with braid.

Useful mantles, such as are worn in the morning for shopping, or at any hour for country walks, are also trimmed with these serviceable and durable braids—everything in short is braided, from skirts to chapeaux, which are bound and edged with more elegant varieties of the fashionable trimming that are adapted for ordinary costumes.

Wide braids, formed of a network of beads with pendants, or of chenille and beads, are used as panels and other ornaments for costly dinner dresses; they are made in black, and in beads of the most brilliant hues for colored toilettes.

Skirts are composed of two materials, a rich broche velours, broche satin, or the novel *velours bouclé*; the front and sides of the skirts are made of the rich material, and the corsage and drapery, tunic, etc., of the plainer, as cashmere or faille. Another novelty is the moyen age tinsel-woven ottoman, a rich and durable fabric of which the loveliest tabliers and waistcoats are made. Again we have the beaded tulle fronts, with the trellised beads and pendant tassels or drops.

The Figaro jacket is richly braided, and framed, as it were, in rows of tiny gold, silken, steel, or iridescent buttons, like our Lieutenants' Mess jackets. Jersey bodices have waistcoats of silver braid upon white cloth, which are very effective.

If it were not for the fur trimmings, one would hardly recognise the new mantles as vetements to be worn for protection against cold weather. I am far from wishing to find fault with this innovation, for if the mantles lose in suggestions of the cosy warmth to be enjoyed in ample folds, they certainly gain in elegance by their diminished size and comparatively light texture. Some of the newest mantles are made of ottoman, of velvet broche, and of velours frise. As a rule the mantles are longer in front than at the back, and have short sleeves turned under, or long pointed sleeves falling lower than the fronts. Various kinds of fur are used for trimmings, but astrakan and beaver are those most in favor for short mantles, the longer ones being ornamented with bear or fox, or astrakan. Handsome passementerie ornaments, chenille and jet, are also used to a very great extent, the result being that the mantles are exceedingly rich in appearance.

One very ladylike mantle is of plain black ottoman, the front is long and pointed, the sleeves are even longer than the front, but the back is quite short and pleated. This mantle is trimmed with astrakan and jet ornaments; a somewhat similar model in brown broche velvet has the same pointed fronts and short pleated back, but the sleeve is small and turned under. This mantle has a border of sable, and very handsome beaded cord ornaments at the back and on the ends in front. A mantle of black velours frise on a satin ground is larger and of more equal strength, and is ornamented at the back with festoons of plaited silk cord crossing the pleated skirt, the long sleeves being ornamented with a kind of passementerie tasselled fringe having the appearance of vandykes.

This will give an idea of the shorter mantles; the long ones—for they exist in spite of the preference for smaller models, are as a rule made of cloth. An exception to this rule is a plain velvet and broche plush mantle, with a depth of pile increasing towards the lower edge of the large and handsome design. This mantle has a full plain skirt and tight-fitting redingote front of plain velvet, with a deep fur border ending where the pleats begin. Over this is a visite back of the broche, falling over the arms in long panels at the sides most richly ornamented with beads at the edge. This mantle is almost a costume in itself, no portion of the dress being visible except the extreme edge of the skirt and the sleeves.

The novelty that is lacking in the styles of costumes is amply made up by the great variety of new trimmings, of which there are many kinds besides braids and astrakan. One of the newest is Irish guipure embroidered with colored wools in open-work designs, as finely wrought as embroidery on cambric; chenille Cluny guipure is also very new and very lovely. Both these kinds of trimmings are employed for bordering the plain skirts of dresses. The skirt is made rather full, with a tuck about ten or twelve inches above the edge, and the band of guipure is sewn on under the tuck and forms a deep hem all round the skirt. The guipure is always in the same shade as the dress.

Wide collar bands—dog collars, in reality—will be exceedingly fashionable; they are made of metal braid rather more than two inches wide, and lined with silk, satin, or plush, according to the temperature. Lighter collars are made of crepe de Chine or crepe lisse; these are pretty in cardinal crepe lisse pleated on the foundation, and fastened with a little crepe bow in front, a little to the left. The cuffs are made in the same way, but without the bows.

Beaded dog-collars are another variety, and consist of from one to five rows of beads; these are chiefly for evening wear, and are not seldom fastened with a diamond clasp. Similar collars of jet beads are worn in mourning.

Materials are still appearing, and base their well-deserved claims to novelty on their names and texture, while it may be safely predicted that the costumes composed of them will be in the highest degree typical and stylish. *Bouclette Thibet* is a rough, ribbed, hairy fabric, with an indefinable pattern and in the newest shades—this will be used only for walking costumes; *paillasson*, a kind of thick, supple armure, with a raised pattern in the style of oatmeal cloth, will be used for the same purpose. Indian cashmeres embroidered with wool, are charming for young ladies' costumes; velours frise is combined with plain cashmere to match; the skirt and jacket being made of velours frise, and the tunic of cashmere; the skirt is plain, but not very full, and is altogether without trimming. Indian vigognes, as soft and warm as cloth, and made of the purest wool, are the best possible materials for bad weather, for they are unspottable. Cheviots embroidered with chenille are employed for more elegant walking costumes, and, chosen in certain special combinations of color, are worthy of an artist. They have a highly original and novel effect; there are amongst them some spotted varieties in the strangest, but most fascinating colors. The spots are arranged close together, and are woven in shaded chenille, which gives a kind of tartan effect.

Fireside Chat.

THE GREENAWAY BALL.

IT would take us a long time to enumerate the number of fashions which have been set by Miss Kate Greenaway, or the quantities of purposes for which her charming designs have been used. On the borders of mantelpieces, in the centres of screens, fitting round afternoon tea-cloths, or reposing on chair-backs, the little Greenaway figures meet us at every turn. They have been worked in every possible color and in every possible way. They have been printed on the edges of sunshades and the borders of handkerchiefs; nor is it only for purposes of feminine adornment that they have been used, for we find the same quaint little figures embossed on gentlemen's cigarette cases and tobacco pouches. Last of all comes the idea of reproducing these charming designs on living figures, and this is what has led to the fashion of "Greenaway Balls."

Perhaps no fashions for children have ever been more becoming than those that have been gathered from the pictures of Miss Greenaway's picture books. No one can help admiring the effect of a dear little chubby round face set off in a Greenaway bonnet. The little short-waisted frock, with its one little flounce at the bottom, and its soft wide sash tied high up under the arms, is as pretty a little indoor dress as can be imagined for a child; and last winter we had many opportunities of seeing the effect of the fur-trimmed pelisses, in which Miss Greenaway's sketches abound. If one or two isolated figures dressed in this way look charming, it may be imagined how good is the effect when a whole room full of children are brought together all attired in the same period of costume.

The invitations to the Greenaway Ball may be either plain or illustrated, but the latter plan is much the best style. In the former case an ordinary "At Home" card is used, with the magic word "Greenaway" written in the corner, so that people know what to expect. But the effect is greatly improved by the introduction of a Greenaway figure at one side of the card—a dear little girl in a big cap playing at battledore and shuttlecock, or a sweet little shepherd sitting on a stile and playing a pipe. It is possible to buy many of these designs ready printed on note paper, but they look just as well nicely etched. If there is a clever draughtsman in the family, he cannot do better than set to work to reproduce some of these pretty designs on the side of the card. The original design may be traced on to the card with a sharp point, and then neatly gone over with a crow-quill pen and Indian ink.

When the invitation arrives with "Greenaway" written in the corner, the recipients know at once that it is a fancy ball they are bidden to, or, more correctly speaking, a *bal costume*, of one particular period of costume. The elders of the family take down the tattered Greenaway book from the shelf (we say tattered, because Miss Greenaway's book is far too popular amongst children ever to remain long in a respectable condition), and hunt through the charming pictures to see what character would best suit their little pets. There is more variety of choice than one would at first sight imagine. For boys there is the rustic dress, with turned-down and smock-frock, as well as the smart little gentleman's dress, with its sugar-loaf hat and short waisted jacket with rows of buttons. For girls there is out-door dress and indoor, winter and summer, handsome pelisses and muffs, and big hats, or soft little muslin gowns, and close-cropped heads.

The dancing-room should be done up as artistically as possible, as it very much adds to the good effect of the party. All violent colors should be avoided, and the softest tints should be used. The curtains and cushions should either be of pale amber, or that faint delicate pink that used to be so much used in the times of our grandfathers. Little mirrors in black frames should be placed about the room, and swags of pale pink satin ribbon, or soft "Liberty" silk, will make a very effective decoration above the pictures. If possible, only wild flowers should be used in all the vases—Marguerite daisies and golden buttercups, gorse, heather, and feathery grasses. If the dance is given in the winter, there must be an abundance of berries, and single holly leaves strung on a green thread lend themselves easily for purposes of decoration. Little wreaths of leaves placed round the mirrors and pictures, little festoons hanging from the chandeliers, swags over the doors and archways, or even all around the walls, after the fashion of a frieze, do more towards making a room look in the style of Queen Anne than anyone would imagine who had not seen it.

Lately one of these pretty Greenaway balls took place in a very artistic house. The dancing-room was got up in the style of Queen Anne, and furnished with spindle-legged Chippendale furniture. Festoons of tiny flowers were fastened all round the walls, and here and there a wreath would be suspended from one of the swags by a long yellow ribbon. The cushions and "settles" were all of pale yellow, and yellow Dunmore pots and vases stood on every bracket, filled with buttercups and blue forget-me-nots. The dance programmes were yellow, and there was a pretty Greenaway figure on each. When the room was full of the quaint little figures in their Queen Anne dresses, the effect was indescribably charming, and one could imagine that one was looking on a veritable scene of ancient days.

The proceedings began with a grand march round, in which all the dresses were seen to great advantage. Most of the little girls wore mob-caps and hair cut straight over their foreheads. They had a spotty-muslin dress nearly down to their heels, with one little flounce, or five very tiny ones near the bottom; wide sashes of soft pink or amber, or pale green, were tied close under the arms, mittens were worn on the hands, and their little silk-shod sandalled feet peeped out from under their petticoats like little mice, to use Sir John Suckling's pretty simile. Some carried battledores and shuttlecocks, some had fans, some had their dolls under their arms. By their sides walked their little partners, looking scarcely less pretty than they; here a little shepherd in a brown mushroom hat and pale blue suit, with a huge turn-down frill round the neck, playing a pipe suspended round his neck with yellow ribbons; here a country boy in a smock-frock, his hair cut square on the forehead, and falling on the shoulders. Some of the boys carried boughs of pink may, as you may see them in Miss Greenaway's pictures, some had bunches of wild flowers, and some drew the arm of their little partner through their own as they walked along, keeping time to the lively march with dignified steps. Altogether it is one of the prettiest sights that could be seen, and one of which we shall probably have many repetitions at juvenile parties.

Correspondence.

A. O. K.—We cannot inform you where a copy of the paper may be had, nor do we know o any making a specialty of correspondence.

ROSE W.—There is no receipt but what would be injurious. Have patience. In a few years, you may be wishing you had some of it back.

EDELWEISS.—Hold your kid gloves a little distance from the fire, gradually stretching them, or leave them in a warm place for a few hours, and they will become pliant.

AMELIA.—You do not say if the grease is on the leaves or covers of your books. If the former, try ironing over blotting-paper, changing the pieces as they absorb the grease. If on the covers, try benzine.

ALFRED.—Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was written as a tribute of affection to the memory of Arthur Hallam, a son of the eminent English historian, and a bosom friend of the poet in his earlier years at Cambridge University.

HOUNSEA.—It is not absolutely necessary, but it is usual, to return all presents on the breaking of an engagement. There is, however, no fixed time for doing so, and matters of this kind can only be regulated by the disposition of the persons concerned.

VIOLET.—It is very probable that the wine, acting as acetic acid, has removed the dye from your silk. If this is the case it is impossible to restore the color, more particularly, if the color is a rather light blue. 1. The word is "cuspidore," and it simply means a spittoon.

P. R. W.—The identity of the man in the Iron Mask has never been discovered. He has been supposed to have been a twin brother of Louis XIV., an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria, the Duke of Monmouth, and scores of other persons. Speculation and inquiry are still busy on the subject.

W. S.—The famous "hanging gardens" were of Babylon, not Rome. They consisted of an artificial terraced mountain 400 feet high, and were said to have been constructed by King Nebuchadnezzar to gratify his wife, Amyntis, who pined in the plains of Babylon for the mountains of her native Media.

E. S.—Phonography includes every method of writing by signs that represent the sounds of the language. It differs from stenography in this respect:—The latter uses characters to represent words by their spelling instead of their sounds; hence phonography is much the shortest and simplest mode of short-hand writing.

EVERALEY.—The expression "to boot" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, in which language the word "boot" or "bot" means "compensation," while the idea is similar in the Gothic, "botyan" signifying "profit." Thus, to give such and such things "to boot," means "into the bargain," or so much more, in common parlance, "to the good."

MINA G.—1. Go into society as frequently as possible, and endeavor to be at ease; also cultivate your conversational powers, and in a little time your bashfulness will wear away. Blushes are natural to young girls. You need not be ashamed of them. 2. Gum-arabic is often used to clear the throat. Let it dissolve in the mouth. 3. It has no distinctive merit.

T. R.—We advise you to wait until you are of age. You will then be better able to judge for yourself in such a serious affair as marriage, and your chances of winning this young lady will be better than if you should begin now to court her. Young ladies are apt to regard boys of your age as triflers, and to place very little weight upon their attentions.

W. W.—The lines you quote may be found in Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 4, and the passage in which they occur runs thus:—

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

H. B.—"Yankee" is a corruption of the French "Anglais"—English. It was pronounced by the Red Indians "Yenghees," the "Yenghis," "Yanghis," and so "Yankees." The term became a peculiar denizen of the Northern States of America in the following manner:—In 1713 Jonathan Hastings, a farmer at Cambridge, New York State, used the word as a synonym for "genuine," and thus would say "a Yankee horse." The students of the college, catching up the term, called Hastings "Yankee Jonathan;" and the nickname not only stuck, but spread, and soon became the typical name of the New Englander. Before long it grew into the wider application which it now has.

A. R. R.—The Red Cross Association is a confederation of relief societies in different countries to ameliorate the condition of wounded soldiers. Its aim is to make the best possible use of the charity which is exhibited so munificently in time of national calamities. A meeting was held at Geneva, Switzerland in 1863, and the name of Red Cross was chosen in honor of Switzerland. The Swiss colors are a white cross on a red ground, but in their badge the association reverses the colors, that is, they have a red cross with a white ground. At this time they adopted a treaty which was signed by twenty-five governments. It provides for the neutrality of all supplies, ambulances, surgeons, nurses, attendants and sick and wounded men, and their safe conduct when they have the sign of the organization.

READER.—A "lobbyist" is a person who largely spends his time in the lobby of the Houses of Congress, button-holing members on behalf of his own pet schemes, "fads," or fancies. The word is generally used with a certain under-current of contempt and amusement, as implying chicanery, cajoling, or at least annoying persistence. In short, the lobbyist is apt to be a profound bore. A "female lobbyist" is a monstrous production of the present age—a woman—and generally a strong-minded woman of the most virulent type—who pesters members and the public generally about her particular grievances or any political nostrums. Often enough, too, the female lobbyist is the wife of a member who takes a keen interest in politics, and is for ever seeking to beat up recruits, in the House and out of it, for her husband's party or her own schemes. The species is not an agreeable one, and, when met, had best be avoided.